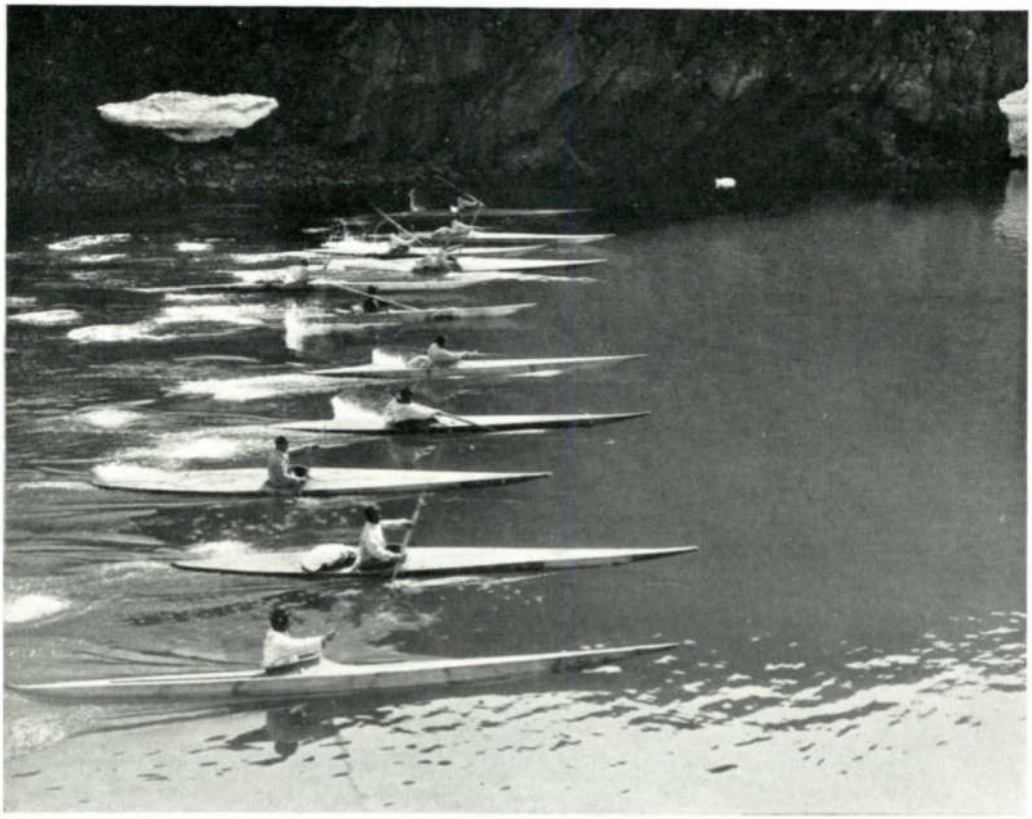
The Beaver

SEPTEMBER 1952

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Insp. Henry Larsen, R.C.M.P., with Eskimos at Cape Dorset. *Stephen J. Murphy.*



Kyak Race — *Harvey Bassett*

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OUTFIT 283 — SEPTEMBER 1952

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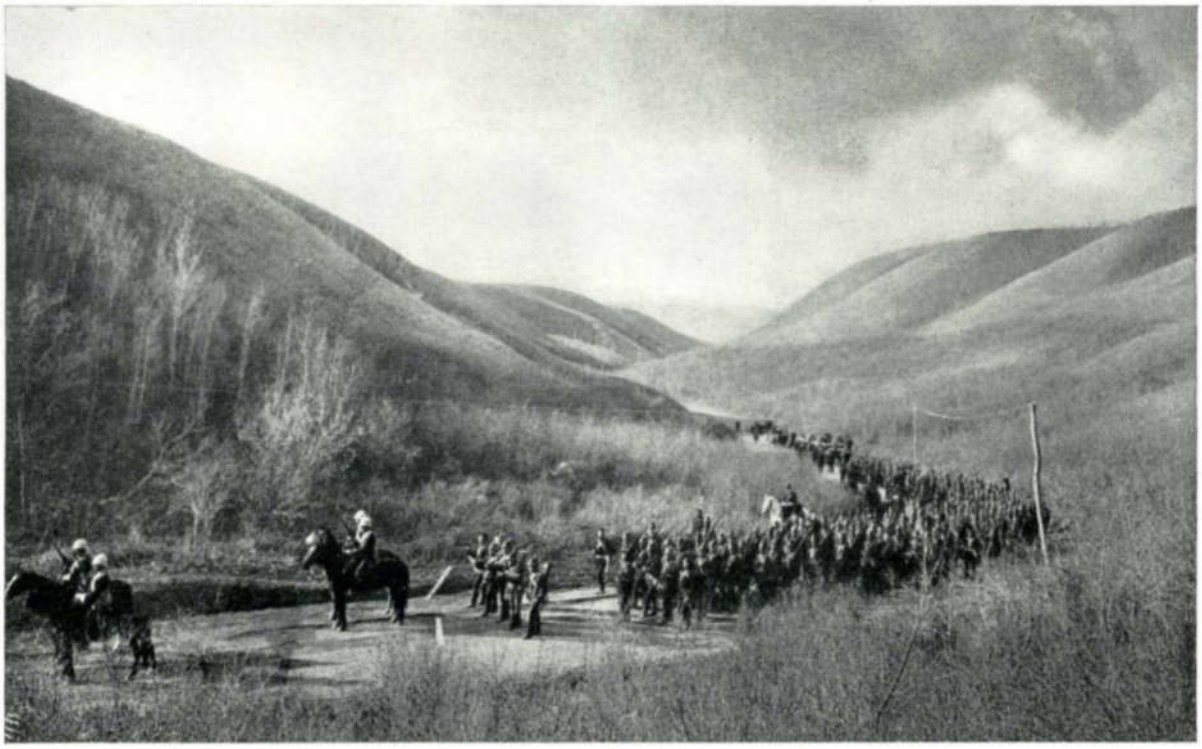


The York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters marching from Fort Qu'Appelle along the Touchwood Trail towards Batoche. The man on the white horse is probably Lt. Col. O'Brien, M.P., O.C. the 35th Battalion.

Rebellion's End

by W. Bleasdell Cameron

This last story that Mr. Cameron wrote for the *Beaver* tells of the "mopping up" operations he witnessed in 1885.

I HAD arrived, late at night, in the North West Field Force camp in the valley of the Little Red Deer, following my escape during the Battle of Frenchman's Butte from two months' captivity with Chief Big Bear's gang of assassins. Next morning I was taken by General Strange, the commander, on his staff as guide and scout from the Butte to the Beaver River and the Chipewyan reserve on its banks, a good sixty miles to the north. I had been given a mount and a Winchester, and had hoped to be with Inspector Sam Steele of the North West Mounted Police and his troop when they overtook and engaged the retreating hostiles at Loon Lake, but this inviting prospect vanished when the general made it clear that he had other uses for me.

I had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Frog Lake on the day of the massacre there two months before, and had made many trips to the Chipewyans, our best hunters in the way of trade. Thus I knew the territory and the trail leading to it well, and I rode with the general at the head of the column, giving him, at his request, details of the massacre and the names of those who had been the chief participants. We reached the Beaver in time to witness the surrender of the "braves" of that naturally furtive and anything-but-belligerent race, the Chipewyans, who had done much terrific fighting with their mouths but pitifully little with anything else.

From the Beaver we returned to Fort Pitt, Steele's fight having brought an end to the rebellion, and there I boarded the steamboat, leaving next day for Battleford. And then, two days after I reached the territorial capital, I was astonished to learn that the main body of the hostiles had come into Fort Pitt and surrendered!

Accompanying the band was that fiery and red-handed miscreant, Wandering Spirit, who, perhaps fearing death at the hands of those he had led into the shadow of the gallows, had deserted Big Bear's ruffianly following and come in with the Wood Crees to give himself up. The night of their arrival at Pitt, after announcing in his high, penetrating voice that those who wished to look upon him once more had but a short time in which to do so, he plunged a knife into his chest. Knowing as he must have done that there was only one penalty for his enormous

crime, he may have hoped that in taking his own life he was paying in some measure for the terrible wrong he had committed against the white people from whom he had frequently received much kindness and consideration.

But his time was not yet—he had missed his heart!

"Once a priest, always a priest, once a Mason always a Mason, but once a journalist, always and forever a journalist," said Rudyard Kipling. For journalist he might have substituted trader. No sooner was I out of the clutches of the red men, vowing that I never again wished to look upon the face of an Indian, than I was ready to go back among them. There was a charm about the red man, with his paint, his feathers, his simplicity, his native eloquence, his irresponsibility—even his indifference to a too-meticulous regard for a little dirt, and the smoke of his campfires, the crossed and blackened poles of his shifting habitation, the sweep of what was once his unsullied land—something in all this that gets into the blood of his pale skinned brother and sticks there. It lures him away from the conventionalities, the set and fretting boundaries of sophisticated life, back toward the beginning of things when Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord and all men were shepherds.

There were furs, leather, silk and beadwork and dollar bills, I knew, still in the Indian camp and I wanted to get my share of them. So it was that, almost before I knew it, I found myself selecting at Battleford an assortment of trade goods: blankets, strouds, prints, *stemou* (tobacco), syrup, lard, sugar, canned goods, sweets, vermilion in little buckskin bags, powder, shot, percussion caps, gunflints and many other commodities dear to the aboriginal heart and stomach—including ginger ale and cigars!

Although offered—jointly with Stanley Simpson—transfer to the Company's post at Green Lake, we neither of us wished, so soon after our recent escape from death, to be stationed at such an isolated spot, so I had quit the service and was now for the time being on my own. I engaged a French-Canadian named Poirier with his team and wagon to take my merchandise to Pitt, and within a week was once more on the trail. I had also accepted the services of Henry Quinn, nephew of the murdered Indian agent, who was anxious to accompany me, as my clerk.

As we trudged along beside our wagon Henry continued to insist, against all argument to the contrary, that the world was flat.

"Why," he demanded to know, "if the earth is round as you claim, and spins around like a top, when the top side was under you'd fall off, wouldn't you?"

As I could find no satisfactory argument with which to combat such logic, I had to agree that he might have something there, and dropped the subject. Gravity had taken a beating. As for Poirier it was a hot day and he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of singing his own weird version of "Little Brown Jug" over and over again and smacking his lips over imaginary drinks which he pulled out of the stratosphere.

The third morning after our arrival at Pitt, Colonel Osborne Smith, commanding the 92nd Battalion Winnipeg Light Infantry, which had been left by General Middleton to receive the surrender of the Indians, sent word to them across the creek separating the two camps, that all the men were to come over with their arms to the open space before his headquarters, where he had something to say to them. The battalion, in scarlet tunics, was drawn up to receive them. On arriving the Indians were ordered to stack their guns at a spot designated and seat themselves in a half-circle on the ground some distance in front. They were then addressed by Colonel Smith and Indian Agent Rae. They had been guilty, said the officials, of great wrong in taking up arms against the government but the great Queen had a kind heart and most of them would be forgiven. There were some, however, who were more guilty than others. They had murdered defenceless white men, burned buildings and committed other outrages. These the Queen had ordered him, the Colonel, to take with him to Battleford, where it would be decided later what would be done with them. He would call out the names of these men and they must step out and take seats together apart from the others.

My deposition made previously to General Strange was then read and the interpreter called the names of the murderers—Walking the Sky, Napaise, Manichoos—with those of other offenders. He called the name of Apischiskoos, and I saw the face of the man who had struck the priest in the eye with the butt of his riding whip, and run down and shot a poor fugitive two months before (but had nevertheless been my stout defender in the camp later), take on a ghastly hue as he rose and walked to the doomed group of his fellows.

When the chief criminals had been taken, the redcoats stepped between them and the main body and they were marched to the Company stern-wheeler which would carry them down the Saskatchewan to Battleford and judgment. The others were then told not to forget the mercy of the great Queen, for many were almost equally guilty. They would now return to their reserves, but would not be trusted with their arms until they had shown that they desired for the future to live at peace with their white neighbours. They would be cared for as before the rising, and now they were to go back to their lodges.

Having obtained a permit from Colonel Smith to cross the bridge into the Indian camp with our wagon and remaining goods, I disposed of them all with the exception of some foodstuffs; then put up a tent and spread our blankets for an overnight stop.

Wandering Spirit was ill in the camp, suffering from the effects of his self-inflicted wound, and before leaving for Battleford I went over to see him.

The day was warm and the war chief lay on the grass before his lodge, screened from the rays of a burning sun by a blanket thrown over a frame of willows above his head. His chest was bare but for the wide white band girdling his wound. His face flushed darkly when he looked up and saw me, as I had seen it flush—how often!—when he was free and in one of his brooding and dangerous moods. I had come to taunt him, to gloat over his wretched-

ness, now that he was again in the power of the white man, weak, helpless and ill—a warrior, a look from whom a short time before had sent a chill of dread over our tensed and shrinking bodies which it was difficult for us not to betray—a dread that, knowing the man, we had good reason to feel.

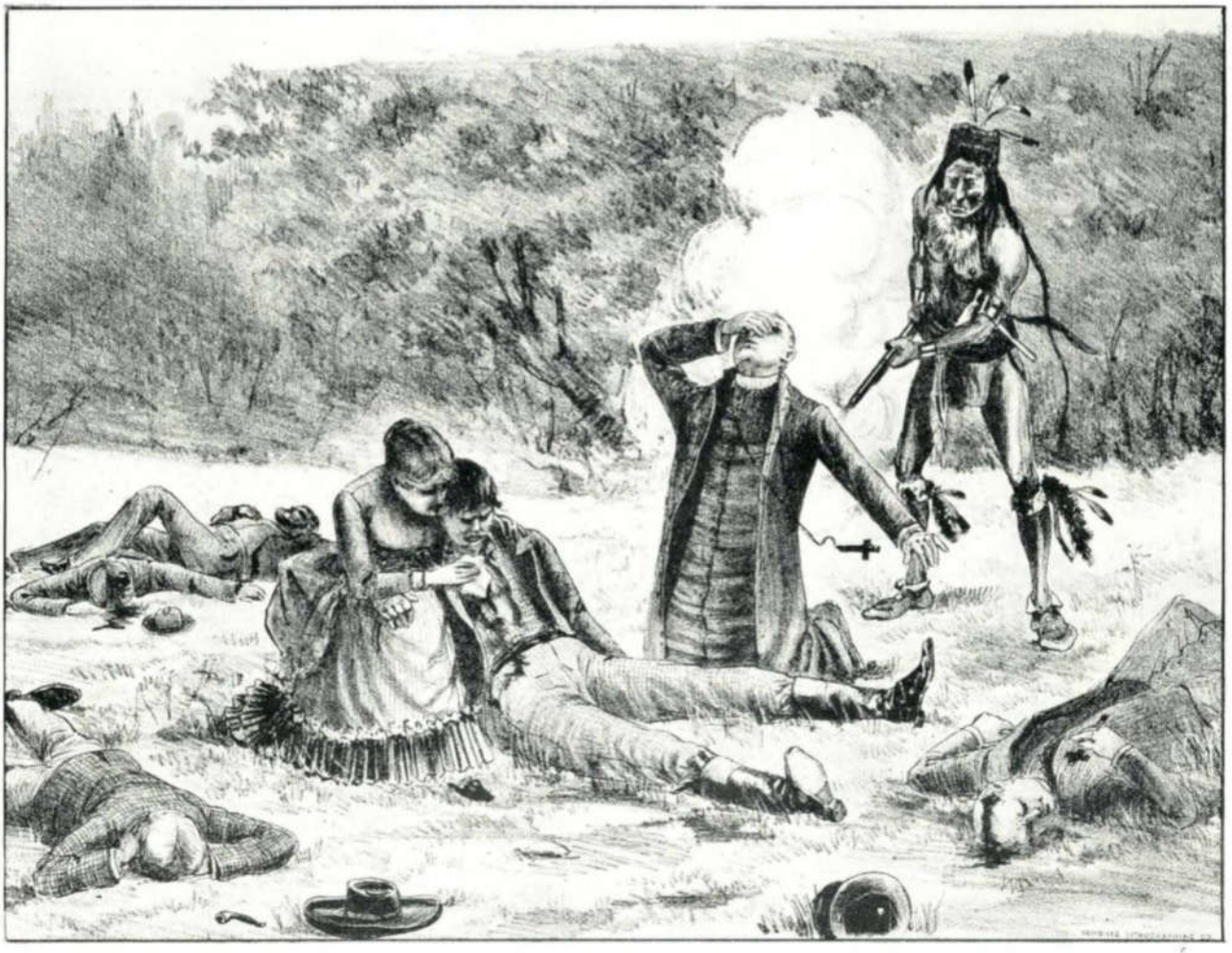
That, no doubt, was what he must have thought. Any idea of mercy from an enemy would never have crossed his mind. Instead, I told him I had heard he was ill and had come to see him. If there was anything I could do for him I should be pleased. The dark flush on his cheek passed. What was he living on, I asked? Heavy salt side bacon and flour—mouldy perhaps—was no food for a sick man. He called his daughter from the lodge and spoke to her in Cree. She went back into the lodge and coming out again put something in his hand. He held it out to me—a ten-cent piece! "*Tapiok*," he said, "At least." The sum total of his *shooniaw*, what the white man calls money.

"Send your daughter with me to my tent and I will give her food more fit for a sick man to eat," I told him. She took back tea, sugar, bread, canned beef and fruit.

Later I obtained from him the knife with which he stabbed himself, the strips of otter fur which he wound into the plaits of his slightly curling coal-black hair, and the lynxskin war hat with the waving jet-tipped eagle plumes he was wearing when he stalked, rifle in hand, into the church, his features hideously barred with glaring yellow ochre, just before he set off the massacre that all but wiped out the little settlement of Frog Lake.

Later still in the day he was carried on a stretcher by a detail from the infantry down to the steamboat and to confinement and recovery from his wound in the Mounted Police guardroom at Battleford, until the day came for him in the following November to pay his debt. The night before he mounted to the scaffold I sat for an hour talking with him in his cell as he sat opposite to me on the floor with a ball and chain on his ankle. And I was on the jury that certified to the carrying out of the sentences passed on him and the seven other murderers hanged with him. With his death was closed one of the darkest pages in the history of pioneering and development in Canada's North West. A strange man, this Indian, a master of duplicity and cold-blooded, deliberate planning of desperate and bloody deeds, *Kahpapam-achakwayo*—the Wandering Spirit. ◆

A contemporary artist's idea of the Frog Lake Massacre. Wandering Spirit is shooting one of the priests, while Mrs. Delaney leans over her dying husband.
From the Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News



A modern resident of Guayasdums exhibits a mask used in the macabre Winter Dances.

Revenge at Guayasdums

Story and Photos

by Gilean Douglas

For the theft of a ceremonial whistle, terrible vengeance was taken on the people of this quiet coastal village.

ON the south-west shore of Gilford Island, about 200 miles north of Vancouver in British Columbia, is a village so old that its present houses are built on one big midden. This is Guayasdums, the "outside place," where members of the great Kwakiutl family have lived for hundreds of years. Each autumn they would go to Gwa-yee, the "inside place," in Kingcome Inlet, to dry salmon, and in the spring they would go outside to dig clams. No village was ever lived in for more than a few months of any year because of these annual food-gathering expeditions.*

It was really the women of the tribes who went out with their digging sticks after clams, mussels, cuttlefish, sea urchins and crabs. They also collected seaweed, sea grass, roots, edible wild plants and berries. In early days they went naked, except for a cedar belt and apron. Later they added large, watertight, basket hats (each tribe having its own distinctive shape and decoration) with a poncho of cedar bark in rainy weather. Sometimes they would be wrapped in blankets of dog's hair, mountain goat's wool or soft cedar bark, making a colorful picture as they clammed along the shore.

Clams were prepared for immediate use by long steaming. For winter food they were cooked in a pit about a dozen feet deep which was lined with firewood. They were piled in this pit to within about three feet of the top, more firewood was placed over them and this was thickly covered with fir branches after being lighted. When the pit cooled the clams were shucked, spitted on long sticks and dried in the sun on racks. Sometimes they were smoked in smoke-houses or on racks suspended from the rafters of the big communal dwellings. Thus hung they formed a sort of inner roof or ceiling.

Some of the women at Guayasdums strung them on reeds or bits of cedar bark. Others 'wove' them on three long sticks. The two outer sticks were thrust through the pillow of the clam and the neck was plaited around the third or centre stick. One clam was strung on top of another with such precision that the completed clam braid, 2 to 3 feet long and about 6 inches wide, looked like a piece of fancy crocheting.

The Guayasdums women cooked fish, shell and otherwise, in water made hot by a succession of fire-heated stones and contained in pots of molded wood. The fish was wrapped in bark or leaves to prevent it disintegrating in the water. But the cooks liked still better to roast fish on sticks above a fire or wrap it in leaves and bake it in hot embers. They served it in dishes and bowls of hemlock or alder wood and ate it from mats of woven cedar fibre. The large and beautifully decorated feast dishes were often shaped like canoes or seals—both symbols of plenty to the Kwakiutl.

Spoons were carved from wood or from the horns of mountain goat. Forks were unknown, but with the white man came iron and from that were fashioned knife blades fitted into wooden handles. These, however, were usually kept for the finishing details of carving and fingers took their place at mealtime. Stones were used for cracking crabs. Anyone who has eaten piping-hot shellfish cooked on a beach knows that fingers make them taste much better.

Each house at Guayasdums had its name and they stood in a row facing the beach. In front of them was a carefully-levelled street, the lower sides supported by an embankment of heavy logs. Steps led down to the beach where the canoes were lying. Opposite the houses, on the sea side of the street, were the "summer seats"—platforms on which the Indian men spent a great deal of time, gambling and talking.

*The tribes who joined in them were the Qoexsotenox from Guayasdums, the Lauitsis of Cracroft Island, the Tsawatenonox of Kingcome Inlet, and the Haxwamis of Wakeman Sound.

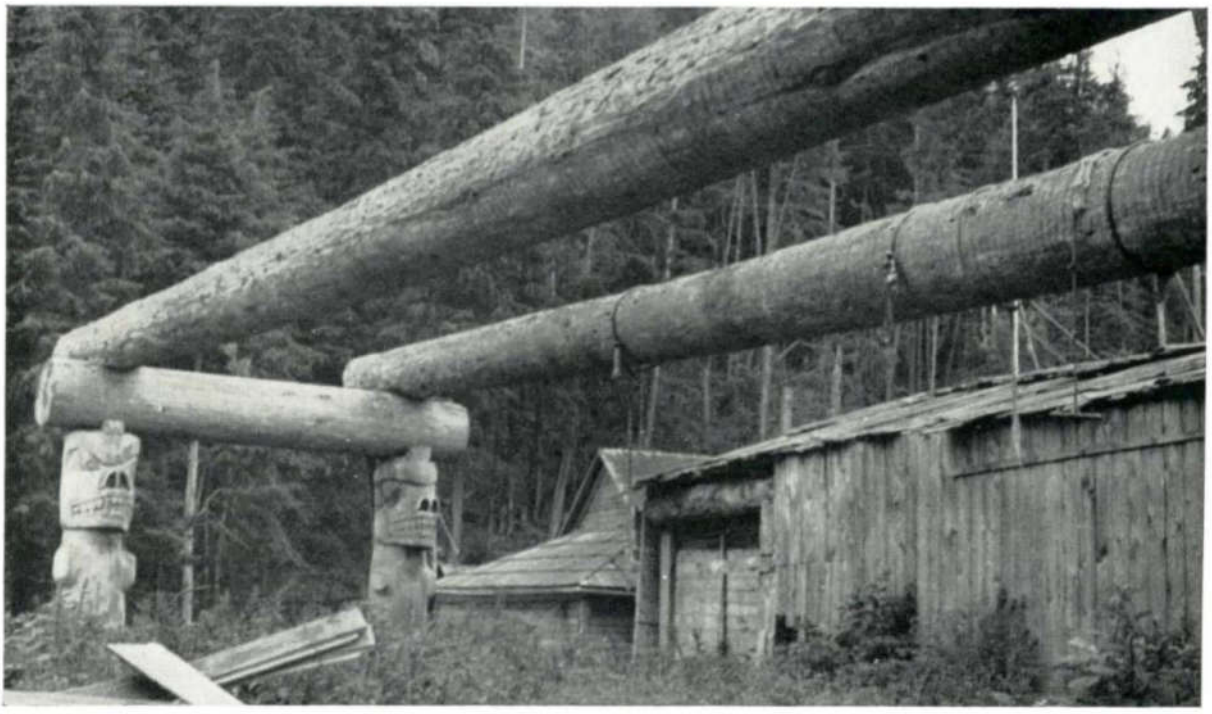
Now docks and thistles are growing in the ruins of the last communal dwelling and climbing up towards the huge beams. Fireweed blazes in the rear and salal sprouts out of the unpainted totem poles fronting the pretty bay and islets which almost landlock it. A new yellow school with a green roof stands out brightly back of a score of new houses. These are built on stilts because the dam where the community gets its water (brown cedar water) sometimes floods over and young rivers rip through the village.

Indian dugouts lined with burlap are tied up to the long float and fish nets are drying in the sun. In the fishing season all the males except the very old and the very young are away after the salmon, like their ancestors. Many of the women work in canneries. The men go trolling in gas boats equipped with poles and gurdies or they ship out on gill-netters or seiners fitted with radar. Only the old men remember the cedar fish spears, the bone hooks, the lines of spun nettle, the stone sinkers attached by wild cherry bark.

The old men tell tales of the old days, and even the youngest member of the four clans has heard about the great massacre at Guayasdums when everyone in the village was killed except seven members of the Crow and Scow families who happened to be away at the time. According to their descendants it was about 120 years ago that members of several Kwakiutl tribes gathered in Viner Sound, off the north shore of Gilford Island, to perform their winter dances in the village there. Among them were a clan from Guayasdums and one from Bella Bella, many miles north. One of the Bella Bella women carried a small deerskin bag which she never put down and this made a Guayasdums woman curious. One night when the Bella

Ritual costume of one of the many Kwakiutl secret societies.

All that is left of the "Big House" at Guayasdums.



Modern Guayasdums children at the entrance to the new community hall. With them is a Kwakiutl mother and a missionary and his wife.

Bella woman was asleep she looked in her bag and found that it contained a Hamatsa whistle.

A Hamatsa whistle is big medicine. It is heard outside during the Hamatsa or Cannibal ceremonies which mark initiation into this highest of the many secret organizations of the Kwakiutl. Supposed to represent the voices of spirits, these whistles are small and usually made of red cedar although a number are of bone. Some are two-toned, a few three, and ornamental carvings on them is not uncommon. The weird effect of the whistling was enhanced for hearers by the flickering fire—the only source of light—in the big communal hall where all partitions had been removed for the occasion and each person sat in rigid precedence.

Young Indians from Gwa-Yee pole a dugout up the Kingcome River.

Baxbakualanuchsiwae (the first one to eat man at the mouth of the river; i.e. in the north, because the ocean is considered a stream running north) is the legendary spirit who initiates the person wishing to become a Hamatsa. He is a cannibal living in the mountains in a house from which red smoke rises. His wife, his female slave and his three servants—the cannibal grizzly bear, the raven that eats eyes and the hochok, a fabulous bird which lives on men's brains—are always searching for human beings or corpses with which to feed him. The Hamatsa dancer impersonates this spirit, wearing his special mask and ornaments (of cedar bark dyed red in alder juice), and becomes his protégé. He performs a set series of four dances combined with special songs and cries peculiar to the ritual.

Baxbakualanuchsiwae and other guardian spirits are hereditary with the Kwakuitls. They are supposed to appear to their devotees only in winter, which is why these ceremonies—which may last for two weeks or even more—are called the Winter Dances. Only four of them may be performed in a season. Their object in the Hamatsa initiation is to bring back the youth who has been staying with the spirit and then, when he returns in a state of ecstasy, to restore him from his holy madness. Baxbakualanuxsi'wae initiates several dancers, but the Hamatsa are the most important. A man must have been a member of the lower-ranking societies for seven years

before he can become a Hamatsa. He may be initiated four times into this high society and afterwards can leave it in a ceremony called "locking the whistles into the box."

None of the decorations worn by the Hamatsa dancers are to be seen by the profane before the ceremonies begin. Once a ceremonial mask carver was seen at work by his daughter. Pretending to louse her, he made her put her head into his lap and then killed her with a hammer. Now this custom survives in the saying: "Go away, else we shall bury you."

Before the dances begin the initiate is supposed to have been living with his guardian spirit for three to four months, although he has actually been out in the woods. Halfway through this time his sharp whistle and his cries of *hap, hap, hap* (eating, eating, eating) are heard. When he finally returns he attacks everyone on whom he can lay his hands, biting flesh out of their arms and chests. In the old days, but still within the memory of living Indians, slaves were killed for him to devour. Later he merely pulled the skin up with his teeth, sucking hard so as to remove as much blood as possible, and nowadays this act is only pretense. So is the stay in the woods, as the novice merely keeps out of sight over the weekend. One Guayasdums lad found himself in a bad predicament not long ago as he had to make at least a token Hamatsa and yet was to be married at the same time.

The Kwakiutls are said to have acquired all the Hamatsa ceremonies by murder of various members of the Heiltsuuq clan, who owned them. Also, when a novice being initiated was discovered in the woods he might be killed. The murderer obtained his dance and his relatives were not allowed to take any revenge. This, needless to say, has disappeared from modern ceremonies.

Hamatsa whistle of the Kwakiutl.
Smithsonian Institution.

But the simple stealing of dance ornaments or Hamatsa whistles was almost unknown and punishable by death. Nevertheless, when the woman from Guayasdums saw the Hamatsa whistle in the Bella Bella woman's bag she promptly stole it. The other woman said nothing until she and her clan were leaving; then she is supposed to have cried out: "You had better tie your children out in the water because they are going to be drowned anyway!"

When she got back to Bella Bella she told the chief and elders that the whistle had been stolen. Three war canoes set out secretly from Bella Bella and the village of Guayasdums almost ceased to exist. The houses were set on fire after the slaughter, and for months no one could go into the pretty little bay because of the dreadful stench which hung over its waters.

Tuberculosis is the scourge of Guayasdums now and there is much illness of all sorts there. The old people are dying off and the younger generation laughs at the crests and ceremonies which meant so much to their ancestors. But you will still hear Guayasdums Indians taunting those of Bella Bella because their Hamatsa whistle was stolen and, they say, never recovered. I was told that the descendants of the woman who stole it now live in another Kwakiutl village and that the Hamatsa whistle is with them there. But I can't vouch for it. ◆

With blackened faces, and dressed in blankets and cedar-bark rings, members of the dread Cannibal Society squat in a row like evil birds of prey.
Courtesy American Museum of Natural History.

James McDougall was 21 when he came to Hudson Bay. This photo was taken some years later.

Young Apprentice

James McDougall

The second of two instalments of a diary, describing a voyage from Orkney to Hudson Bay in 1862.

FRIDAY 4th. Went on shore to day to obtain a few necessities. Returned in the evening about 6 in time to see the amusements the sailors have got every evening weather permitting. There are two kettle drums and a few fifes belonging the ship which some of the men forward could play very well, with two concertinas belonging to some of the men and a fiddle supplied by another worthy individual which one of the sea men played, formed a respectable band of music for those inclined for dancing on one side of the deck, the other side being occupied by a number of others singing, playing single stick and a number of other games.

Saturday 5th: After breakfast the Dr., McKenzie, King, Tibbit and I went on shore to the S. E. side of the harbour along with Mr. Renaut the second mate who was going with a boats crew in the jolly boat for a supply of heather for bedding for the live stock on board. Had lots of good milk to drink at the farm houses and on the whole enjoyed the day very well. In the evening about 5 o'clock went on shore where we met Dr. Ritchie and had tea with him in the Mason's Arms Hotel where we spent a very happy evening. Any one going to Stromness and being in the Mason's Arms and turning up the album to this date would see some amusing articles, etc.

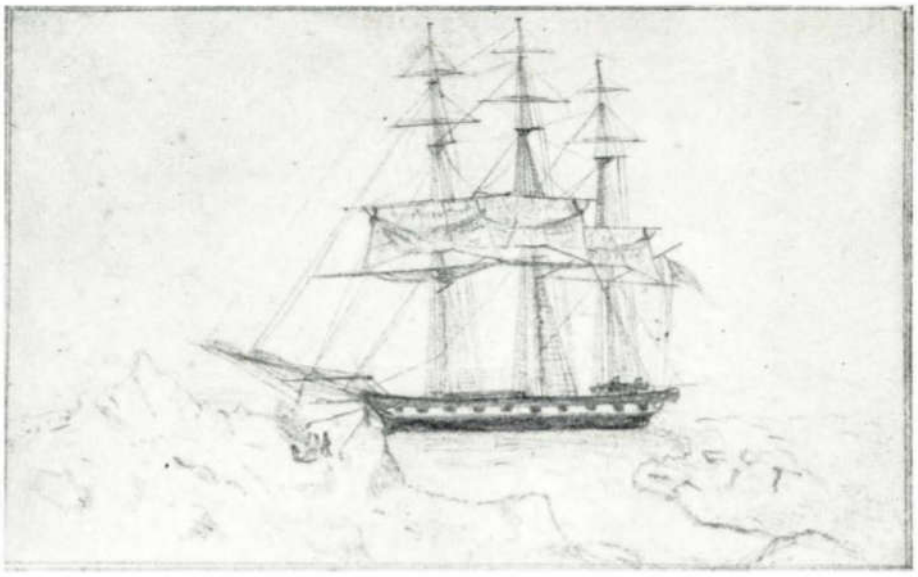
Went and took fair well with all our Orkney friends who came down to the boat with us where we found a large croud of people who came down to see us, all going off the Boatswain Carpenter and a number of the men were going off at the same time they had been ashore taking good bye with their families and friends and the wind having veered round to the S. & E. blowing right down the sound every one knew it would be the last visit from the ship this year when the village would sink into its former quiet state. On the two boats shoving off the people on shore gave three cheers which we returned most heartily, then struck up a song and went out of the harbour at the entrance of which we met the Capts. gig with the Capt. and a party of ladies and gentlemen that had been dining on board with them. When we came up with them we were singing "Auld Lang Syne" as they passed we gave them three cheers and the Capt. being in a good kye told the boats crew to return it, he and the other gentlemen standing up in the stern sheets with their hats in their hands called at the "Prince Arthur" to put Dr. Ritchie on board. Capt. Wishart being on board the "Prince of Wales" dinning with Capt. Herd and not yet having returned we were invited down to the Cabin. Got on board the "Prince of Wales" about 11 p.m.

Sunday 6th. Fired a gun this morning at one as a signal to our consort to prepare for sea. Got under weigh at 4 o'clock and stood down Gramesay Sound where the tide runs 8 & 9 knots an hour, passed between the high clifs of Hoy & the Black Craig which were litterally covered with sea birds. Took our departure & shaped our course N.W. by W. had the wind dead astern.

Wednesday 9th. Wind still the same, but increased to a strong gale making us send along under topsails running 12 knots all day. Sea very high.

Thursday 10th. Gale still continued even stronger than the preceding day the sea being one mass of foam, sprae blowing topmast high, sea breaking over our quarter.

Friday 11th: Wind greatly diminished but the sea running very high. Mr. Matheson created a little sensation at dinner to day by allowing a plate of soup to fly from the weather side of the table, where he was sitting, right over the table and those who were sitting opposite. Great numbers of curious birds to be seen to day. Their plumage approached to that of the sea gull but black heads, long neck and bill like a duck. These birds are to be found in great flocks off the coast of Greenland from which we were distant about two hundred miles running in a westerly direction towards Davies Straits.



McDougall's sketch of the "Prince of Wales" tied up to an ice floe in Hudson Strait. She was a ship of a little over 500 tons, not 1200 as stated in the first instalment of the diary.

Saturday 12th. Very little wind but a long heavy swell which made the ship pitch very much. As I have not given an idea of how we spend our time on board I may just as well do so now. We turn out to breakfast about 8 which generally takes about three quarters of an hour when we go on deck to take a little exercise walking up and down decks and going aloft when tired of that we read or smoke until the dinner bell rings at 2 o'clock. The afternoon we spend in the cabin reading, writing, singing, playing drafts, or having a little conversation amongst ourselves until tea at 5.30. The evening we spend on deck playing drafts, etc. with the ladies hearing the men singing, playing single stick, dancing, etc., etc. (weather permitting) until 8.30 when the occupants of the cabins goes down to prayers every evening in the cabin, after which we come on deck to smoke & turn in about 10. This is the time when all have to go to bed but I shirk until about 12 some nights. The Dr. & I who are great friends took a drop of the "crather" on board at Stromness & thro' the kindness of the Stewart we get a drop of hot water & a little sugar into the Dr.'s cabin where we brew a little to keep us comfortable when we turn into bed which is a very disagreeable thing in a cold cabin. After having a little chat together I pull off my boots & slips thro the cabin for fear of disturbing the Capt. who sleeps in the next birth to me.

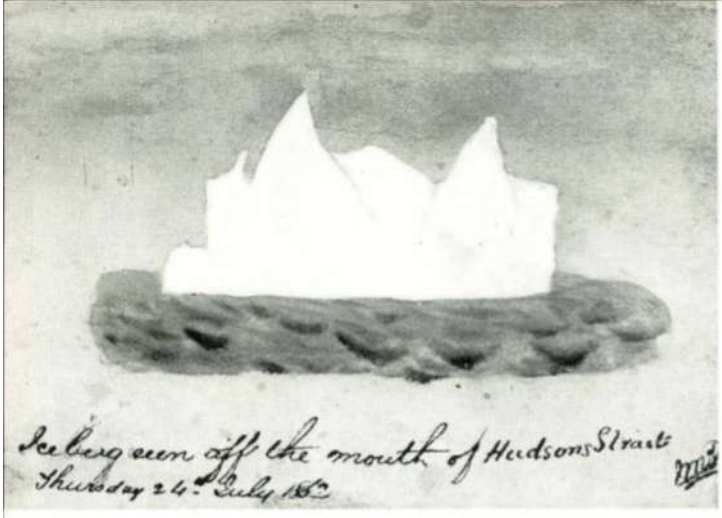
Sunday 13th. Sea fallen greatly this morning. Speeding along under studding sails. The bell for service commenced ringing at 10 a.m. Every one on board assembled on the quarter deck except the man at the wheel & cook—upwards of 100 people. The Union Jack was spread over the capstan behind which the Revd. Mr. Mason placed himself, his hearers all sitting round on the snow white decks guns etc., etc., when we had a very eloquent discourse and afterwards a first rate dinner. Made Davies Straits tonight about 150 miles to the S. & W. of Cape Fare Well [Greenland] having made the run from the Orkneys since this day last week. Capt. Herd who has been on this passage for 29 years said he never did the like before nor had he ever been so lucky as to have a fair wind across the Atlantic at this time of year. I said at the commencement of this Journal the "Prince of Wales" was considered one of the fastest merchant ships that sailed from the Thames, for 3 days she was going thro the water between 12 & 14 knots an hour.

Wednesday 16th. This turned out to be a day of note on board, being the first to discry ice. It was about six in the evening when we heard from the forecastle head the welcome intelligence of "Ice Ho" making us all spring to the ship's side & sure enough there was a large "berg" away to windward about 10 miles distant, sailing majestically before the wind. The Dr. McKenzie & I were not long of getting seated on the Main Royal Yard where we had a capital view of it. In shape it put me in mind of the "Rock of Spindle" near St. Andrews but about 7 or 8 times larger. The highest peak was estimated to be about 200 ft. high. It was a magnificent sight as it came sailing towards us before the wind, the clear ice shining quite bright before the dark clouds in the background.

Thursday 17th: About 2 p.m. saw two large whales blowing about a mile from the ship. Large flocks of birds called Mollyhawks or Mollymacks [Mollymauks—Atlantic fulmars] have been flying around us all day.

Sunday 20th. Calm still not a breath of wind, but very cold and a heavy fog. Had service in the cabin to-day for the Officers & passengers as it was too cold to have it on deck. After dinner the Capt. invited us to remain & have wine which knocked up the whole of the afternoon. We are allowed wine & porter to dinner every day but fruit on Sundays only.

Monday 21st. Calm still continues, & very cold. To-day at noon by ships Chronometer the time was 3 hours 35 minutes behind Greenwich. The most of this day has been



A water colour sketch by McDougall made on his westward voyage.

occupied in making things ready for the ice. Getting Grapling irons, Ice picks & Ice poles on deck. These poles are from 20 to 30 feet in length and are used for pushing the ship clear of Ice bergs, etc., should she have the misfortune to get alongside of them. The ice stage was also got up. This is a platform running across the ship before the mizen mast about 7 ft., from deck, very like the bridge between the paddle boxes of a steam boat. This is where the officer in charge stands that he may see the ships course clear when among the ice and direct the man at the wheel accordingly. Tonight about 11 o'clock while on deck enjoying a pipe along with the Dr. there were immense numbers of petrels or mother careys chickens flying around the ship. Every night since we have been becalmed these birds have paid us a visit when dark, leaving again "*as daylight does appear*" but tonight there were an unusual large number and they kept up such a dreadful screaming that we could hardly hear each other speaking. They are very like the swallow but a little larger and fly very like them.

Wednesday 23rd. Favoured with a fresh breeze, dead aft rattling along studding sails below and aloft both sides. Two of the seamen had a very narrow escape to-day. They had been doing something on the Main top Gallant Yard and after finishing their job were coming in and had just got their feet on the rigging to come down when the tie of the haul'ards broke. Yard and gear coming down by the run on to the cap. If they had been half a minute later they would have been caught on the yard.

Thursday 24th. Wind hauled round on our quarter blowing a fresh breeze. About 8 a.m. we were about 50 miles from Resolution [Island]. The Dr. and I had been sitting on the fore Royal Yard nearly the whole of the afternoon trying who would be the first to get a sight of the Ice but no appearance when the dinner bell rung at 2 o'clock. We expected to be on deck again before anything was seen but were disappointed. When in the middle of dinner "Ice Ho" sounded from the mast head. This was a very large berg, shortly after more were seen until the horizon was perfectly covered with them. About 7 p.m. we got in amongst loose ice off Resolution forcing our way northward under a press of canvas, making the ship tremble to her keel and setting all the bells a ringing, pieces of ice about a foot square flying from her bows like chaff. While at prayers tonight when Mr. Mason was reading we ran onto piece larger and sounder than any we had met before, making the book fly out of his hand to the other side of the Cabin.

Got into clear water about 9 o'clock and ran down by the side of the main body of ice. This extended as far as the eye could reach from the mast head. The noise here was dreadful, a continual moaning and crashing, indeed it was very like being on a rocky shore by the sea during a heavy storm, when the large rollers are breaking in on the shore. About 10 o'clock put about and stood N.N.E. away from the ice and shortly after sighted a very high mountain which was made out to be Resolution.* This was hailed with a cheer being the first land seen since leaving Orkney. There were a low range of hills running north and south from this high mountain which was wholly covered with snow, but there were black patches to be seen here and there over the other. About 11 it began to snow with a very thick fog.

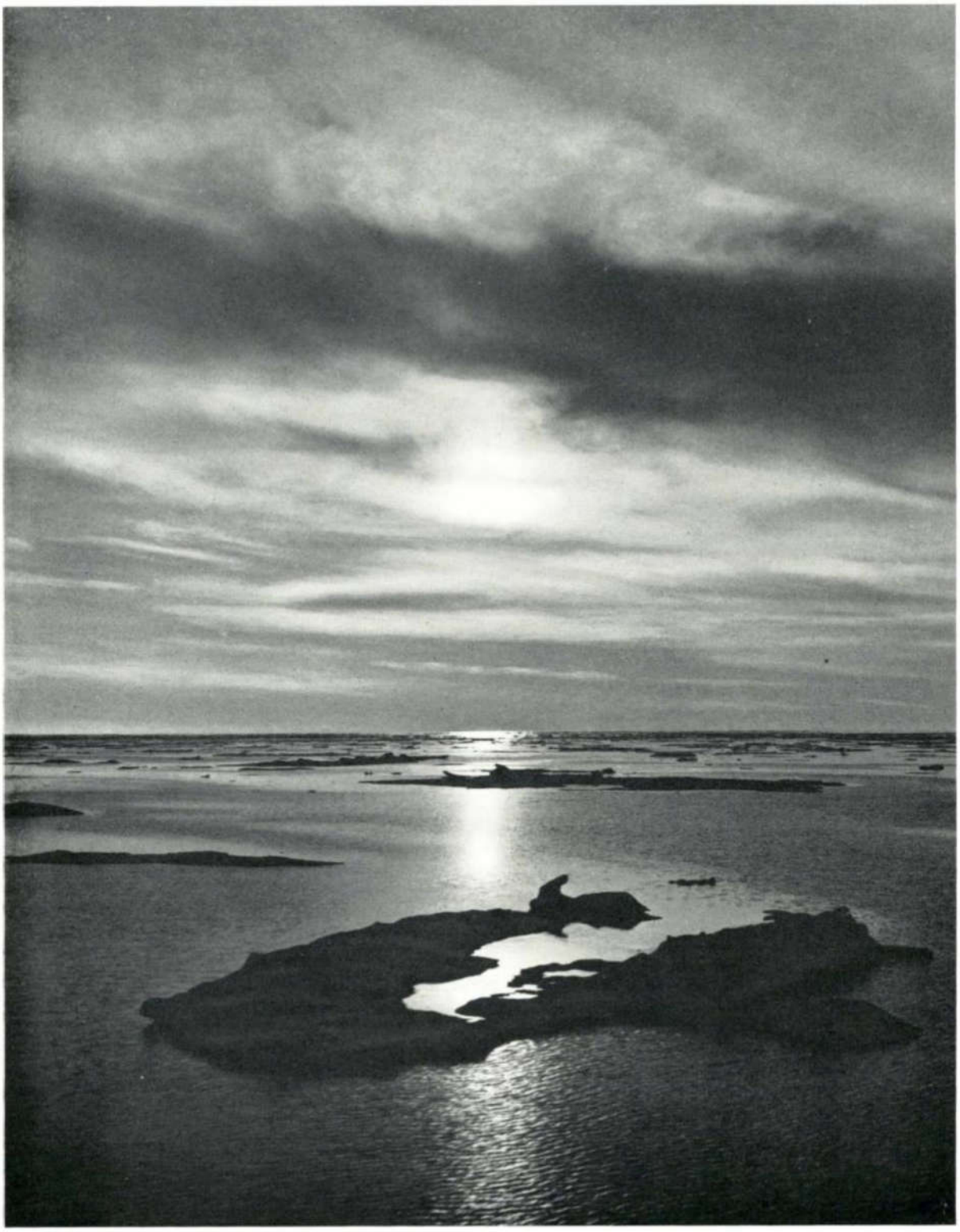
Saturday 26th. Came on deck this morning after breakfast and found we were running up a channel between large fields of ice which extended as far as the eye could reach from the mast head. On the turn of the tide this passage closed upon us when we had to force our way through amongst the loose pieces. About 11.30 a.m. saw a vessel made fast to a large berg and completely beset on all sides. At first she was thought to be the "Prince Arthur," but after a little it got clearer when she was made out to be a barque. Fired a gun and ran the colours up to the peak when she displayed the Stars & Stripes.

Sunday 27th. At breakfast this morning I learned that a boat had been along side from the Yankee about 5 a.m. who was at this time close along side. She was a whaler the "Mount Cello" of New London going to the North of Hudson's Bay where she was going to winter for the spring fishing. She was a very clumsy craft, nearly as square in the bows as a dutchman. About 11 a.m. saw the "Prince Arthur" beset about 10 miles to the South East. Lost sight of her again in the afternoon. Saw a walrus and a number of seals to-day. After dinner there was a floe of ice passed along side & two young seals swimming about in a small pool of water in the middle of the floe. One of the men got hold of a rope and was about to get on to the piece when it sheared off. About 9 p.m. got completely fixed for about two hours when numbers of men got on to the ice. Had service this morning in the Cabin.

Monday 28th. Very heavy fog and a great deal of ice. Got along very well sailing up a channel between the ice with a fine fresh breeze until about 2 p.m. when the whole closed together with a crash where we remained beset for the rest of the day off the S.W. end of Resolution. The Yankee fell into the same scrape about 2 miles further off.

Here, for some unknown reason, James McDougall's diary suddenly ends.

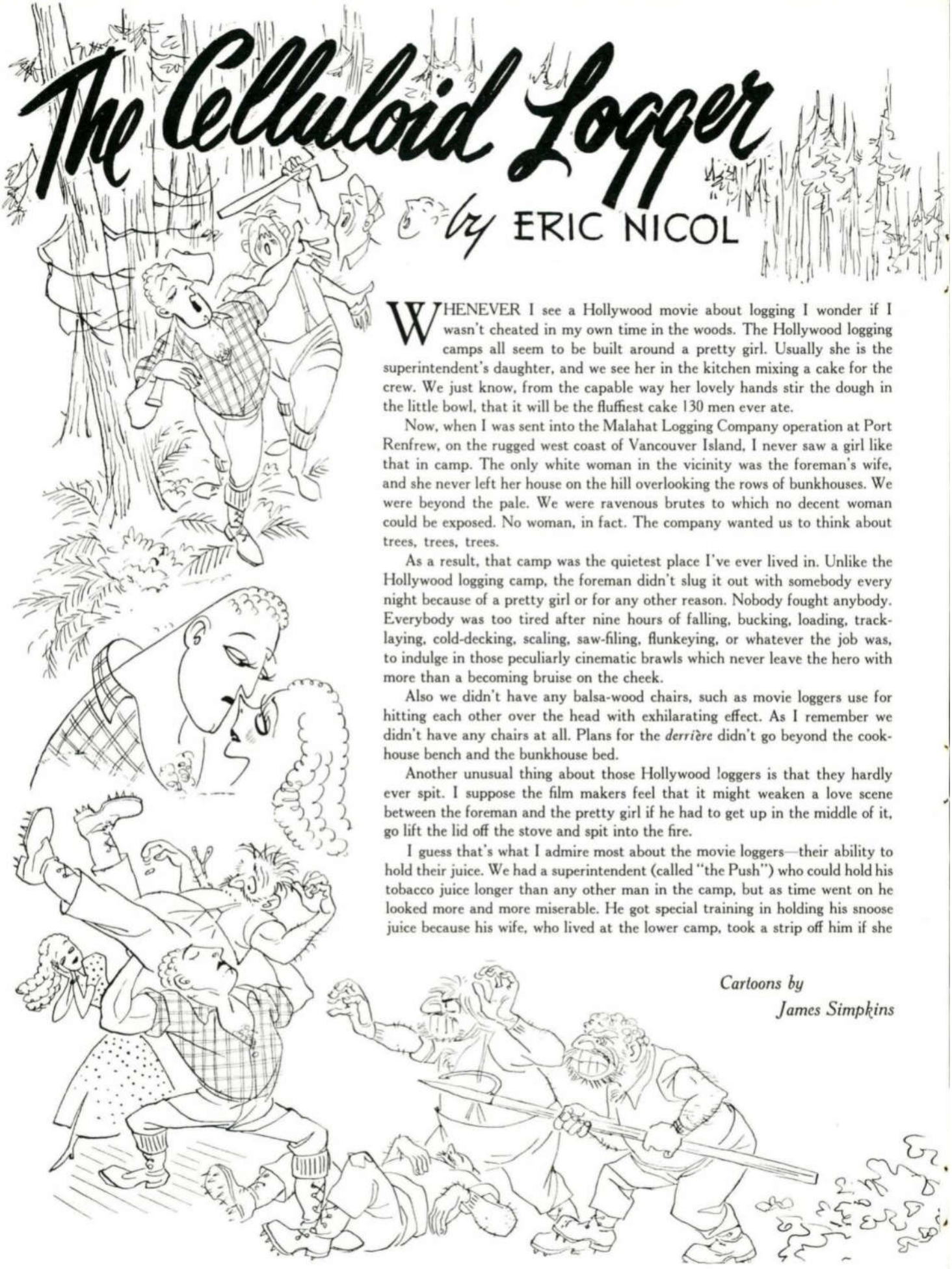
*"The general elevation of the interior is under 500 feet."—A. P. Low.



Evening sky over the ice floes of Hudson Strait. *Max Sauer*

The Celluloid Logger

by ERIC NICOL



WHENEVER I see a Hollywood movie about logging I wonder if I wasn't cheated in my own time in the woods. The Hollywood logging camps all seem to be built around a pretty girl. Usually she is the superintendent's daughter, and we see her in the kitchen mixing a cake for the crew. We just know, from the capable way her lovely hands stir the dough in the little bowl, that it will be the fluffiest cake 130 men ever ate.

Now, when I was sent into the Malahat Logging Company operation at Port Renfrew, on the rugged west coast of Vancouver Island, I never saw a girl like that in camp. The only white woman in the vicinity was the foreman's wife, and she never left her house on the hill overlooking the rows of bunkhouses. We were beyond the pale. We were ravenous brutes to which no decent woman could be exposed. No woman, in fact. The company wanted us to think about trees, trees, trees.

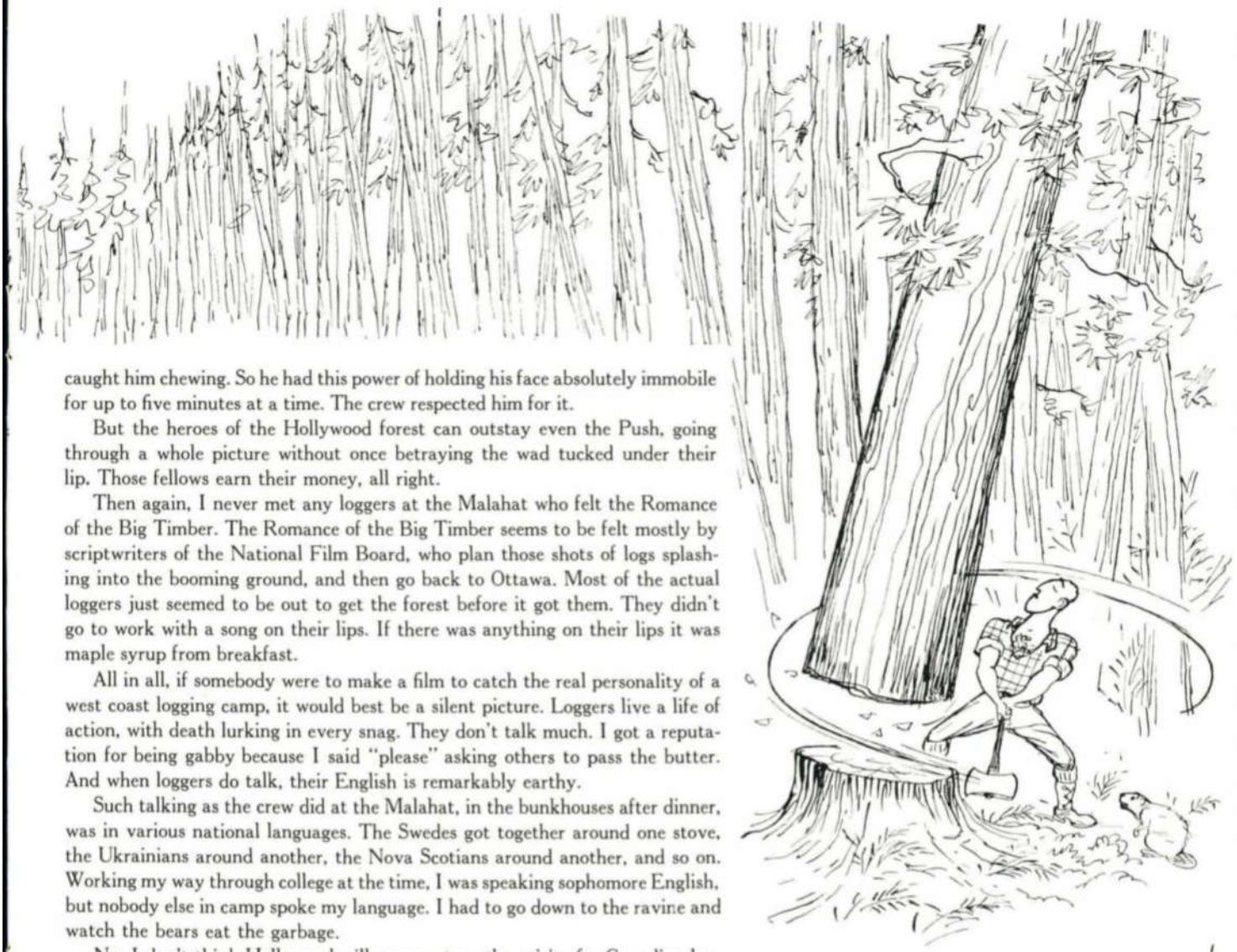
As a result, that camp was the quietest place I've ever lived in. Unlike the Hollywood logging camp, the foreman didn't slug it out with somebody every night because of a pretty girl or for any other reason. Nobody fought anybody. Everybody was too tired after nine hours of falling, bucking, loading, track-laying, cold-decking, scaling, saw-filing, flunkeying, or whatever the job was, to indulge in those peculiarly cinematic brawls which never leave the hero with more than a becoming bruise on the cheek.

Also we didn't have any balsa-wood chairs, such as movie loggers use for hitting each other over the head with exhilarating effect. As I remember we didn't have any chairs at all. Plans for the *derrière* didn't go beyond the cook-house bench and the bunkhouse bed.

Another unusual thing about those Hollywood loggers is that they hardly ever spit. I suppose the film makers feel that it might weaken a love scene between the foreman and the pretty girl if he had to get up in the middle of it, go lift the lid off the stove and spit into the fire.

I guess that's what I admire most about the movie loggers—their ability to hold their juice. We had a superintendent (called "the Push") who could hold his tobacco juice longer than any other man in the camp, but as time went on he looked more and more miserable. He got special training in holding his snoose juice because his wife, who lived at the lower camp, took a strip off him if she

Cartoons by
James Simpkins



caught him chewing. So he had this power of holding his face absolutely immobile for up to five minutes at a time. The crew respected him for it.

But the heroes of the Hollywood forest can outstay even the Push, going through a whole picture without once betraying the wad tucked under their lip. Those fellows earn their money, all right.

Then again, I never met any loggers at the Malahat who felt the Romance of the Big Timber. The Romance of the Big Timber seems to be felt mostly by scriptwriters of the National Film Board, who plan those shots of logs splashing into the booming ground, and then go back to Ottawa. Most of the actual loggers just seemed to be out to get the forest before it got them. They didn't go to work with a song on their lips. If there was anything on their lips it was maple syrup from breakfast.

All in all, if somebody were to make a film to catch the real personality of a west coast logging camp, it would best be a silent picture. Loggers live a life of action, with death lurking in every snag. They don't talk much. I got a reputation for being gabby because I said "please" asking others to pass the butter. And when loggers do talk, their English is remarkably earthy.

Such talking as the crew did at the Malahat, in the bunkhouses after dinner, was in various national languages. The Swedes got together around one stove, the Ukrainians around another, the Nova Scotians around another, and so on. Working my way through college at the time, I was speaking sophomore English, but nobody else in camp spoke my language. I had to go down to the ravine and watch the bears eat the garbage.

No, I don't think Hollywood will ever capture the spirit of a Canadian logging camp. Where men are men the most important thing in life is food. It isn't easy to get much dramatic conflict out of a stack of hotcakes. Good food keeps a logger happy while he's getting "stakey," so that he can come into town twice a year and blow the roll on gals and guzzling. After which he's ready to go back into the woods and renew the battle for board feet.

There's drama there, but it's much more subtle than anything hacked out by a scenario writer who has to arrange to have a smudged and decoratively torn starlet trapped in a forest fire. Although I spent only three months at the Malahat Logging Company's camp, I gained some inkling of how one's values can change. As the weeks went by, the fat old squaw who waddled around the lower camp began to look more and more like Lana Turner. *That's* something they have yet to put on film.

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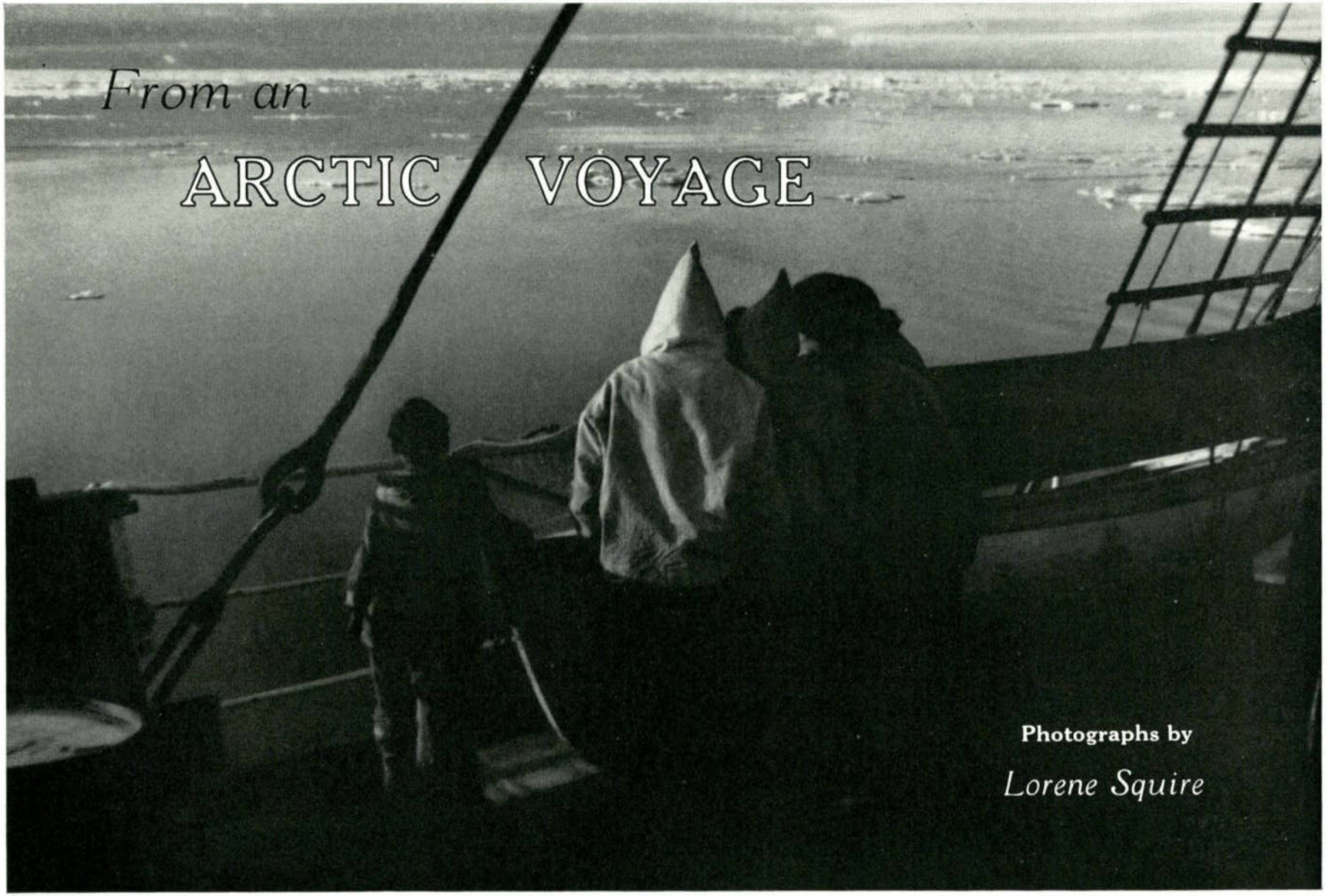
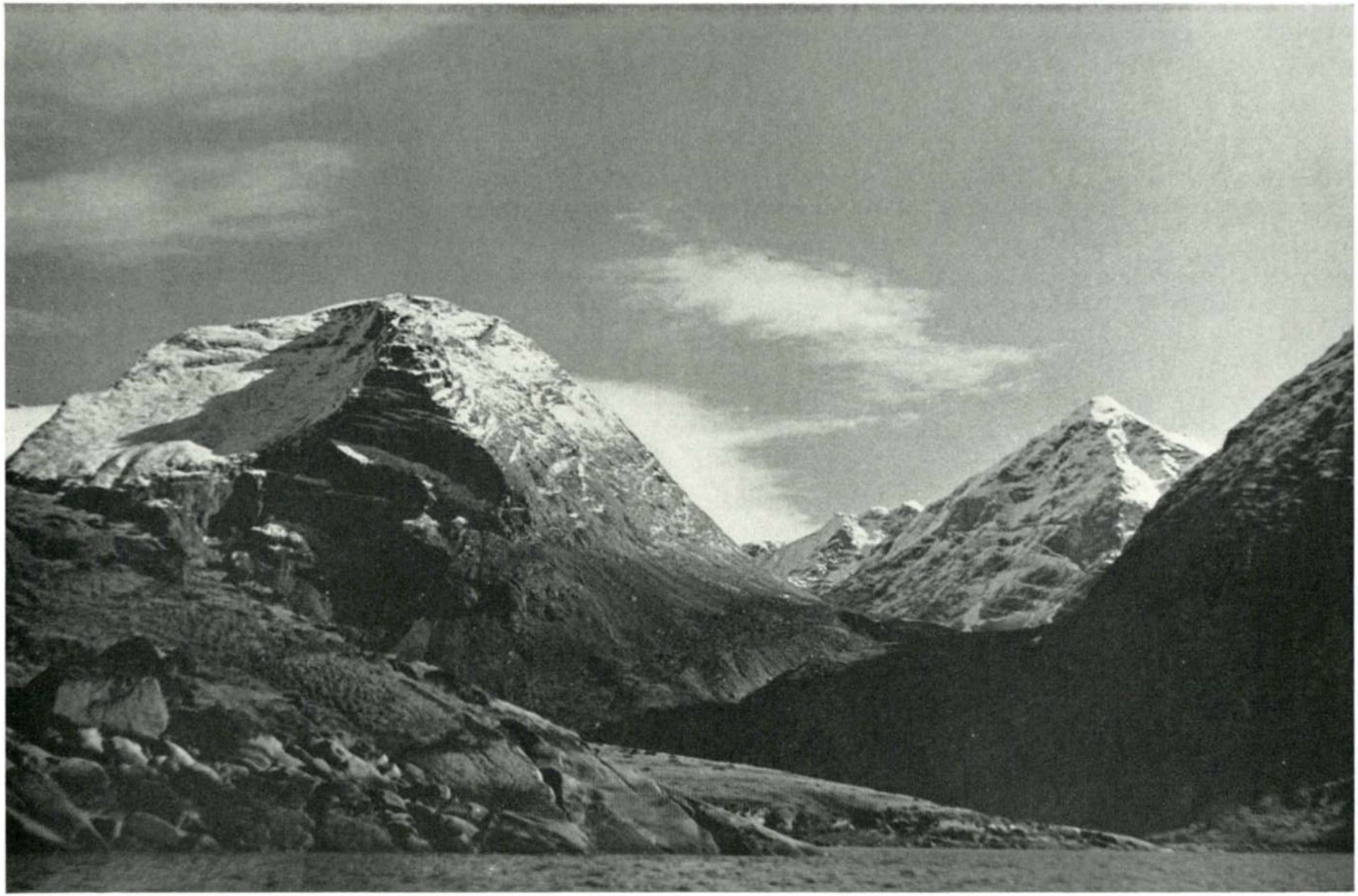
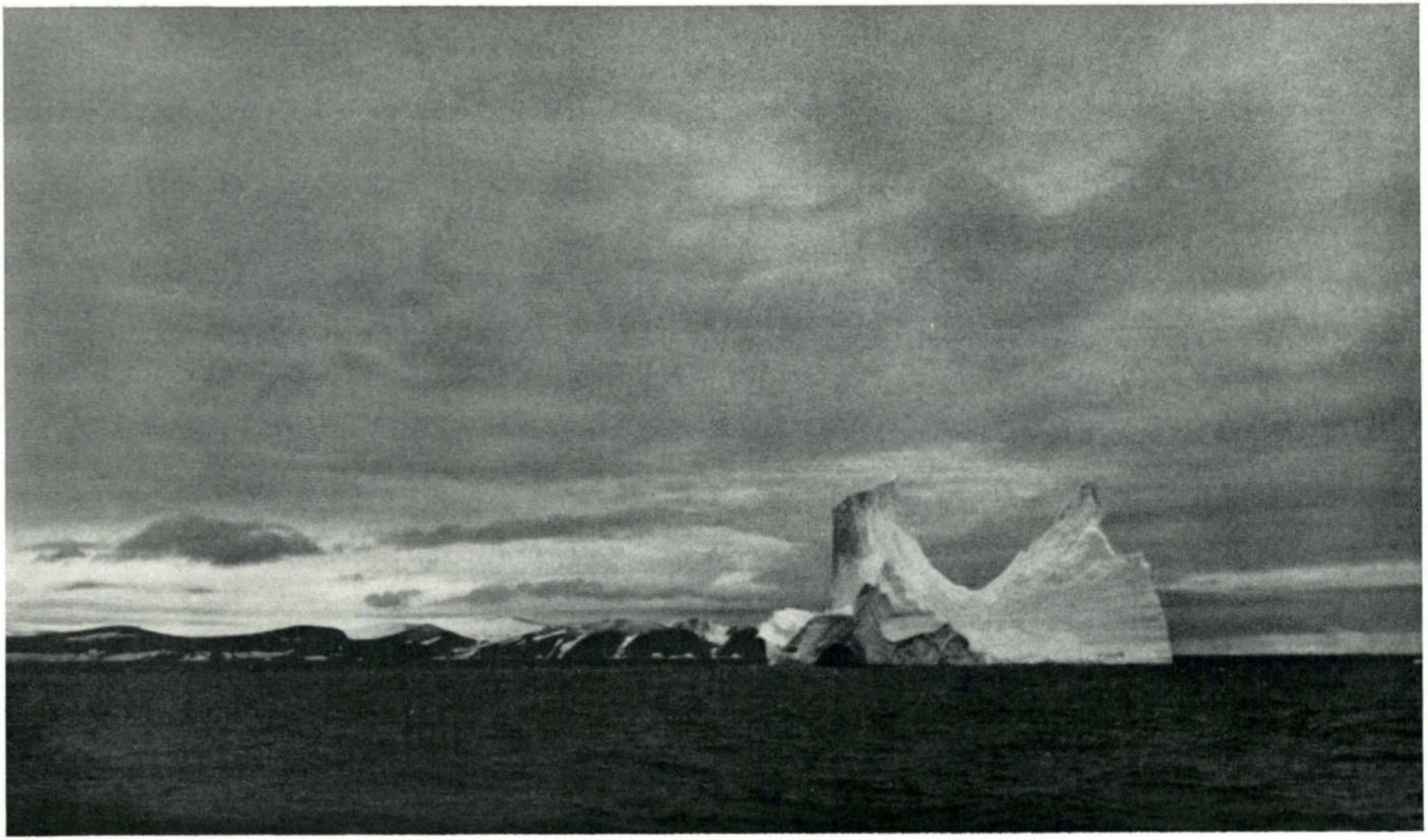


The Little People

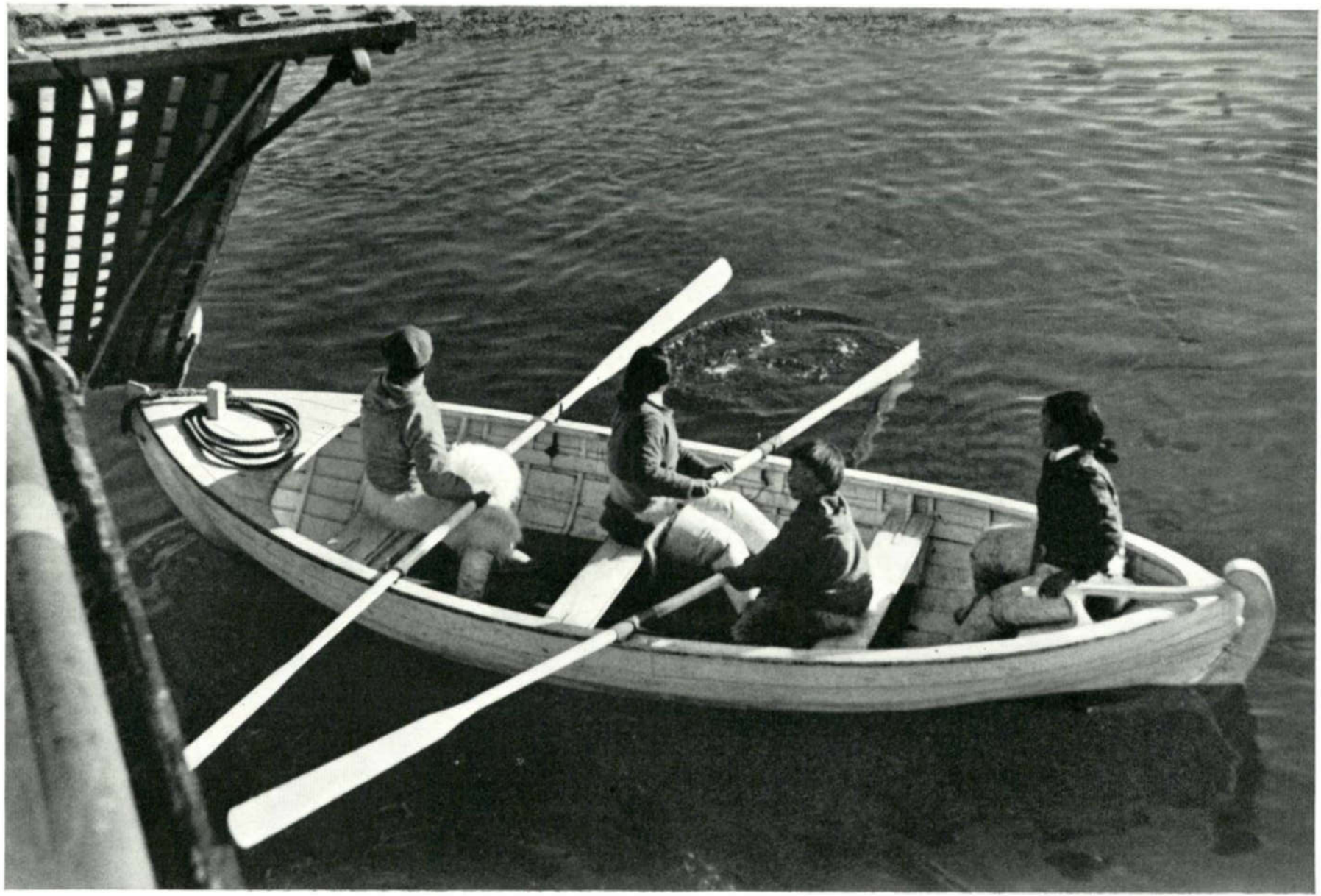
Shiptime Snack



Snow above the Fiord



Lands Forlorn



Shiptime Visitors

Goodbye till next Summer !

Devil of the North

Some instances of the fiendish cunning of the Wolverine are related here by a veteran trapper

Angus F. MacIver

WOLVERINE is the ultimate insult that can be hurled at a man by the Chipewyan Indians living around the east end of Lake Athabasca. No people can have a better understanding of all the term implies as wolverine are more plentiful in the western sub-Arctic than anywhere else. Four of these animals passed at fifteen minute intervals while I was eating dinner one April day on the shore of Lake Wholdaia, the source of the Dubawnt River. Each, nose down, was following the same trail. An hour later, I met another travelling the route taken by the four.

That was the only wolverine I have met face to face. When fifty yards away it saw me despite the fact I was slightly to one side, partly hidden by willows and had been motionless for several minutes, from the instant I had seen it coming towards me. The sense of smell did not enter into its perception, as I was to the leeward. This keenness of sight was surprising, as the animal, walking with its head down, must have observed me from the corner of its eye. Not even the sharp eyed fox would have noticed me under the same circumstances.

After watching me a few seconds, the wolverine raised the front part of its body as if to obtain a better look, showing thereby a lack of aquaintance with the power of a gun and at the same time interest in what it saw.

Since that experience, I have not believed the second part of the wolverine's scientific name, *Gulo luscus*, to have been well chosen. "Luscus" means half-blind.

The word wolverine is a diminutive of wolf. Sometimes this animal is called skunk-bear because its size, build and colour suggest a cross between the two. The French named it *carcajou*, the English quiquehatch, names derived from the Cree *kwekwuhakayo*. The Chipewyan name is pronounced knockeye, but usually these people refer to it as "the devil."

This largest member of the weasel family has a small head, wide neck and flat body that give it a streamlined appearance reminiscent of the badger. The weight of the average male is forty-five pounds; the female weighs a few pounds less. The body is approximately a foot high, two feet long and, including the fur, over a foot wide. The bushy tail, carried straight out, measures in length slightly less than a foot. The legs are stout and heavy, and the feet large with strong, partly retractile claws well fitted for both climbing and digging. The small, dark, beady eyes are set well forward on the head and rather deeper in the sockets than are those of most animals.

A mass of hard muscles without a single weak spot from tip of nose to stubby tail, the wolverine for its size possesses more strength than any other animal. It will chew its way out of a trap that would hold a wolf. It can pull out of a deadfall that has sufficient weight to hold a bear.

In colour wolverine are brown, some light and some so dark as to appear black. The guard hairs are long and much coarser than those of fox, yet the under fur is thick and silky. Moisture from a person's breath will not form ice on this fur even during extremely cold weather. This is true of no other fur. This non-icing property combined with the relatively few taken in the fur country as a whole, results in not many wolverine skins reaching the fur marts.

To both trapper and public, real interest in the wolverine is not in its name, its appearance or the value of its pelt, but centres around its behaviour characteristics, some sagacious, some diabolic.

Many wonderful stories are told concerning this animal. For some I cannot vouch although for five years I lived and worked where they are all too plentiful. Yet I cannot say the tales are untrue. Accounts of the same behaviour have been reported by different people from widely separated areas of the country. For instance, Indians in many places claim that wolverine protect their kills from the ravages of wolves by caching the meat in trees. The claim is also made that wolverine climb trees and wait there in hiding in order to jump on the back of passing caribou, this being their one way of catching the swift footed deer.

My most amazing personal experience with a wolverine was to have it lift a hundred foot gill net from under six feet of ice and remove the fish. It occurred late in April, the day before I was leaving for the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fond-du-Lac, the first stop on a journey "outside." When I went to take up the net, it had already been lifted and piled in a heap on the ice. Tracks showed it to be the work of a wolverine.

How the animal could have got the net out was a puzzle. The hundred foot length had been tied at each end to a stick frozen in the ice.

An examination of the tracks showed that the wolverine, using decidedly unorthodox methods, had followed the usual procedure of net lifting. The stick at the end approached first, loosened from the ice by chewing, had been pulled to the surface and the attached string chewed off. Truth compels me to say the net had been lifted two

days before and not more than an inch of ice had formed over the open holes. At the other end of the net the chewing of ice and stick had been repeated, but instead of chewing the string, the wolverine had pulled up the long net. The fish had been eaten and the net left in an untidy heap.

As the usual way of wolverine is to carry away and hide all booty not eaten at the moment, did that animal leave the net for me to re-set for its future convenience?

Wolverine sometimes make raids on cabins. Although none of mine has been entered, I have seen the wreck one of these animals can make of the contents. Once, as we were on our way to the outcamp of another trapper, Bill Johnston, he said a wolverine had been stealing from a cache of meat outside this cabin and he had placed the meat indoors for safe keeping. On his return to the cabin, as he opened the door a wolverine had rushed out, passing him so quickly that there had been no opportunity to raise the gun. The animal had eaten its fill of the meat. As well, flour and sugar bags had been torn open and everything movable, including dishes, scattered on the floor. Bill was sure the wolverine could not get in again as he had closed the top of the chimney which led to the fireplace, and through which the animal had made its entrance, with heavy poles well spiked down.

Around the cabin we found many wolverine tracks. Bill went to the back of the cabin and climbed to the roof from where he reported in a jubilant tone of voice that the animal had done a great deal of chewing but had not succeeded in freeing a single pole.

Meantime I had gone around the cabin in the opposite direction and called for him to come and look at what I had found. A track led to the window, a glass ten inches by twelve, set all around about an inch into the wood of

The wolverine robs traps of whatever is in them—bait or fur. From the trapper's viewpoint, that is the chief reason for hunting him down.
Drawing by Clarence Tillenius

the wall. This window was broken. No track led away. The wolverine was inside!

After closing the opening with poles, we prepared to enter. Bill held his gun ready for action as I slowly pushed the door open. No wolverine came out, but it had to be inside! Nothing else was possible. We slipped in, quickly shutting the door behind us. No wolverine was to be seen, but the contents of the cabin were as Bill had described their being on his previous trip, flour, sugar, dishes, pots and pans, odds and ends, all in a fearful and wonderful mixture on the floor.

The one place an animal could get out of sight was under the bunk. Bill dropped to his knees and cried, "Here's the devil! Give me the gun."

A sound more like that of an intense explosion than of a mere rifle shot filled the small room, and the wolverine was no more.

Bill told me the eyes had been all he could see, glowing like two balls of fire, and that he had aimed between them. Examination of the wolverine showed it had not left, even when it heard us, because its gluttony had made it considerably larger than the window.

One accusation levelled against the wolverine is that it robs traps of whatever is in them, bait or trapped fur. That accusation cannot be denied and from the trapper's viewpoint is the chief reason for hunting them down. The amount of fur directly lost through wolverine thefts is usually not great once a man has learned the habits of these animals. In the early part of the winter wolverine eat little of what they take. Most is cached for use later when food is scarce and hard to procure because of the ever increasing depth of the snow. The cache is made on the ground and the displaced snow put back, making a cone shaped mound. When at a trap there are indications of the taking of fur by a wolverine, unless it has been eaten on the spot, the tracks are followed until the mound is reached and there the fur, usually none the worse, is retrieved by digging to the ground.

The most maddening features of such thefts are the wasted time and the fact that a storm, even a blizzard, forces a man to make the round of his traps on a day during which he would otherwise have remained snug in his cabin skinning and stretching pelts or lost to his surroundings in the pages of a book. Once snow and wind have obliterated the tracks, there is no hope of finding the stolen fur.

Although the wolverine's reputation as an effective thief may be greatly discounted, not enough has been said of it as a definite menace to man's safety. Not infrequently caches of food laid down for the return trip by men making long patrols are completely destroyed. There have been cases where this has necessitated the killing and eating of the sled dogs, and the consequent travelling on foot of many, many long, weary, dangerous miles. Unless the men are fortunate enough to come across natives who can supply them with food, a very serious situation has been created. This is not fiction. It has happened many a time.

As a protection against raiding wolves, it is sometimes deemed advisable to place a cache in a tree. But this is more likely to be found by wolverine than if it had been on the ground. Wolverine will break into a cache as readily an hour after it has been made as they will a month later. In this they are unlike the wolf which is likely to leave it alone until the man scent has worn off. A wolverine, like a wolf, having broken into a cache will eat to repletion. Unlike the wolf, which will leave the remainder of the contents for another day, it will carry away and cache all it does not eat.

The most diabolic and most sagacious of all the wolverine I have come across was the one that lifted the fish net. Of all I ever deliberately set out to trap, it was the only one I never captured, and that in spite of using every set of which I had heard, and a number I invented especially for the purpose. There could be no mistaking it for another because of its distinctive track.

For the better part of two winters that animal plagued me, first at Sylvan Lake and the second season (it did not find me until late in the winter) a hundred miles north on Wholdaia Lake. Both seasons it patrolled a part of my line as regularly as I, making the rounds every two or three days and never missing a single trap. It always stole the bait and sometimes sprang the trap, or it stole the fur. Strange to say, even late in winter, it ate little. By following the trail and digging into the caches, I got most of the fur back. But what a waste of time, what a temper-trying experience to be outwitted almost daily for those many months by an animal!

On one occasion it took a cross-fox from a trap, dropped it at the next and carried a silver fox away from there for caching. Fortunately for me, I was close behind. I picked up the cross, followed the track until I reached one of the familiar mounds, dug down and found the silver. If the animal had had a bit more time, it would, of course, have been back and taken the cross.

The last time I had reason to follow the all-too-familiar misshapen track, upon digging the cache to the ground I found nothing. Thoroughly puzzled, I was saying "Good-bye, fox" when I saw beside the track leading away, a small mark made by the flick of a fox tail. I continued to follow the track. At the end of each jump again in the snow was the mark of the tail. Fifty paces or so on was a second mound, similar in size and shape to the first. But the flick of the tail showed beside the trail leading away, so I did not investigate that mound. Fifty yards further another mound had been built. The wolverine track beyond it had no accompanying mark of fox tail, so there I dug and found the missing fox.

I continued to follow the wolverine as that happened to be the direction in which I was going. There were two more mounds. The wolverine must surely have discovered that I was finding the stolen fur and built the pseudo-caches to outwit me.

Except for the lifting of the fish net, we—the wolverine and I—had no further dealings, as after my trip to the Outside I did not return to the Northwest Territories. •

Tribes of the West

THE two-page feature overleaf is the first of a series dealing with the Indians of Western Canada, from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Five tribes, representing various sections of the country, will be illustrated—Blackfeet of the prairies, Swampy Cree of the eastern woodlands, Carrier of the mountains, Loucheux of the Yukon, and Tsimshian of the Pacific coast.

For each tribe the period chosen is that of first contact with the whites, when the red men who roamed the wilderness of the West were still in their primitive state, depending for life on their own weapons and implements and ingenuity—a period before bows gave way to firearms, buckskin to cloth, quills to beads, and stone and bone to steel and iron.

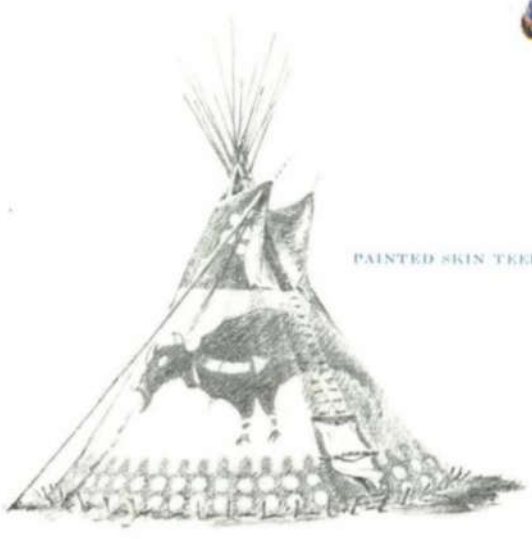
Lloyd Scott, whose fine pen-and-ink drawings have already enlivened our pages, has done the illustrations; while Douglas Leechman, the eminent Canadian anthropologist, who is a *Beaver* contributor of long standing, has written the text. To describe the outstanding attributes of whole tribes in so short a space has not been easy, but Dr. Leechman has surely succeeded in that task.

QUIVER

THE BLACKFE

by Lloyd Scott

Text by Douglas Leechman

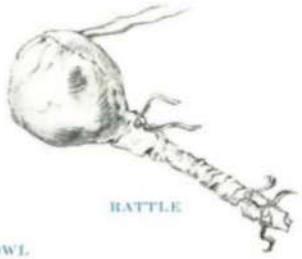


PAINTED SKIN TEEPEE

BUFFALO SKULL

WOMAN WITH CRAI

PEMMICAN POUNDER AND BOWL



RATTLE

ET

ANY Blackfoot Indian who lived between about 1750, when they first got horses, and about 1875, when the buffalo vanished, probably had as full and as satisfying a life as anybody is ever likely to experience. There were wars in which to prove one's manhood, and enormous herds of buffalo to provide abundant food, while the many dancing societies afforded social recognition and prestige. It was a good life, with few inhibitions and many gratifications.

Their native name, *Siksika*, means "black foot" and comes, according to one account, from the blackening of their moccasins by prairie fires. Another version says that they used to paint them black anyway. The Blackfoot proper formed the nucleus of a confederacy of three tribes with the Bloods and the Piegans, allied with the Gros Ventres and the Sarcee.

They are believed to have reached the prairies comparatively recently after a slow trek from the Red River country and this agrees with their Algonkian speech and traces of a woodland culture underlying their later "Buffalo Bill-Indian" way of life. The buffalo became the focus of their culture, providing teepee-covers, clothing, food, and tools.

Before they acquired horses, they roamed the prairies on foot, from Regina westwards to the Rockies and from the North Saskatchewan south to the Missouri. In those days the dog travois was their only means of transport but as soon as they were mounted, their range and rapidity of movement were enormously increased and they became a warlike and predatory people. The Crees, Sioux, Assiniboines, and even the more distant Flatheads and Kootenays often were at war with them and war was evolved into an elaborate game with definite rules for counting coups, keeping score, and recording valiant deeds. With the Americans there was constant friction and even with the Hudson's Bay Company they maintained but dubious peace.

Military and social organizations, in which dancing played a large part, took up much leisure time. Medicine bundles, both personal and tribal, were of great importance. Their possession, though a great honour, involved much ritual and ceremony, and the responsibility involved in guarding a tribal medicine bundle was considerable.

Religion was personal rather than tribal. The dead were usually deposited in trees or on scaffolds, but sometimes a special death teepee was erected on a prominent hill-top from which one could watch the fighting, the hunting, and the dancing. ◆

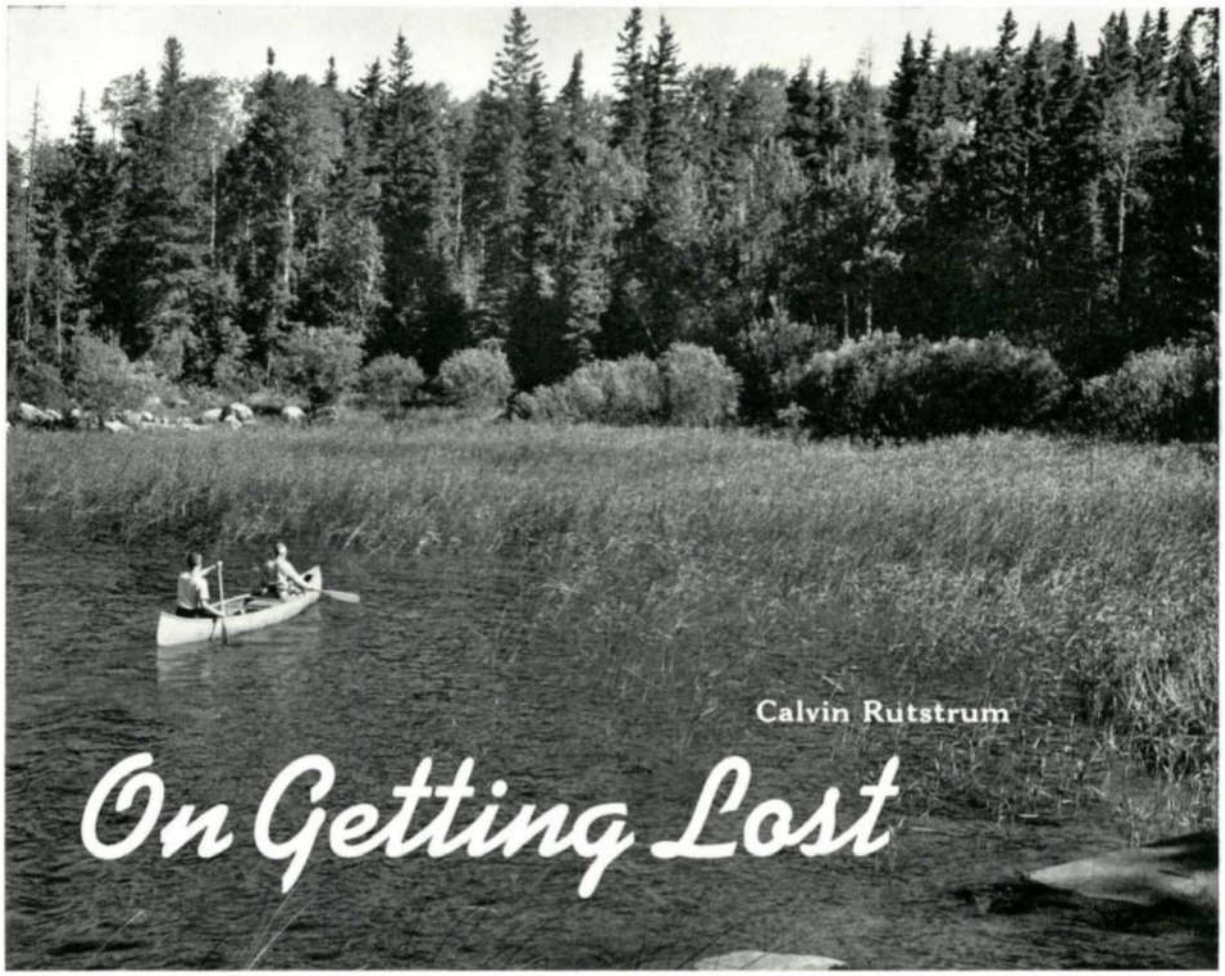
DOG TRAVOIS

ARROWHEADS

LE

QUILLED STRIP

SKIN SCRAPERS



Calvin Rutstrum

On Getting Lost

Where is the portage? *R. Harrington.*

WERE you ever hopelessly lost? That is, to the point where suddenly you discovered a weak feeling in your middle, and panic had you by the scruff of the neck. If you were like ninety-nine percent of other normal human beings, your brain stopped working rationally and you became obsessed with the feeling that all the world you had known no longer existed.

If you continued to react like most normal human beings you forgot all the advice you ever received about what to do on being lost. You started hiking fast, then you started to run, first with some degree of athletic prowess, then with stumbling insecurity. Sweat streaked down your face and only the limitation of your physical energy allowed you to slow down. If at that moment you were to see yourself in a mirror, you might witness the expression of stark lunacy.

It isn't funny—that is, while you are lost.

Not many people get lost each year in the wild areas of Canada and the reason is quite obvious. If you visited wilderness sections during a hunting season you would see most hunters sticking fearfully close to roads and right-of-ways, unless clinging to a guide. Could deer know this fact, they would die largely from natural causes.

Perhaps the most fascinating of all travel is that done in the wilderness. Few, however, are able to conduct a journey far afield without the aid of guides. This is not intended to be a disparaging statement. To solicit the aid of one who knows the region is simply a matter of common sense. Yet, guides are not always dependable. Too often they are familiar with a limited and local region only, so that on continuing the journey, they become "excess baggage."

Not many persons take the time or are willing to undergo the risk involved in finding their way about in wilderness areas. Perhaps some faculty of self-preservation enters in here—a form of poltroonish wisdom, for science has determined quite conclusively that man has no sense of direction.

Already I can hear many a reader say that a certain guide, or a certain one toward whom there is a strong sentimental leaning, can find his way unaided through forest and fog and canebrake with the accuracy of a well-equipped surveyor. But let's examine, not the reader's sincerity in this respect, for I do not question that, but the ability of persons who actually do find their way about and what enables them to succeed.

A number of years ago the subject of man's sense of direction was bandied about the country with such increasing heat on both sides that a leading university set out to determine whether or not man had this sense. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that an effort was made to determine if certain persons had a sense of direction and others did not.

First let's qualify what we mean by "a sense of direction." If a person uses his senses such as seeing, hearing, tactility, etc., to find his way around, it cannot of course be termed a sense of direction. What we mean here by a sense of direction is that one person is alleged to possess a better faculty for pinning a tail on the donkey at a party than another person. Or, one person can hold a course through a fog better than another, assuming there is no apparent means of orientation, such as a gentle breeze holding in one direction. The issue, therefore, is not whether one person has a little more common sense about such matters than another.

In the experiment mentioned, there was no shortage of so-called "guinea pigs." Many leading guides, prospectors, sportsmen, and a host of other interested persons were willing to subject their tenaciously held claims of orientation to the challenge. All claimed they had a sense of direction, or something they could not explain, that the inequalities of creation had graciously bestowed on them and not on men generally. It promised to be an interesting experiment.

Instead of all trains leading to Grand Central Station, in this instance they led to the prairies of Kansas. Here seemed a most desirable place to prove or disprove the sense of direction theory. A suitable day for the experiment was difficult to pick. No sun must be shining, since even the dullest person can find his way about with the sun on one cheek. Nor could the wind be blowing for the same basic reason that it would serve as a simple means of orientation. To plug one more gap in the experiment, the theatre of action was removed to a point where the rumble of a freight or other constant noise would not be a simple guide to direction. At last the day came.

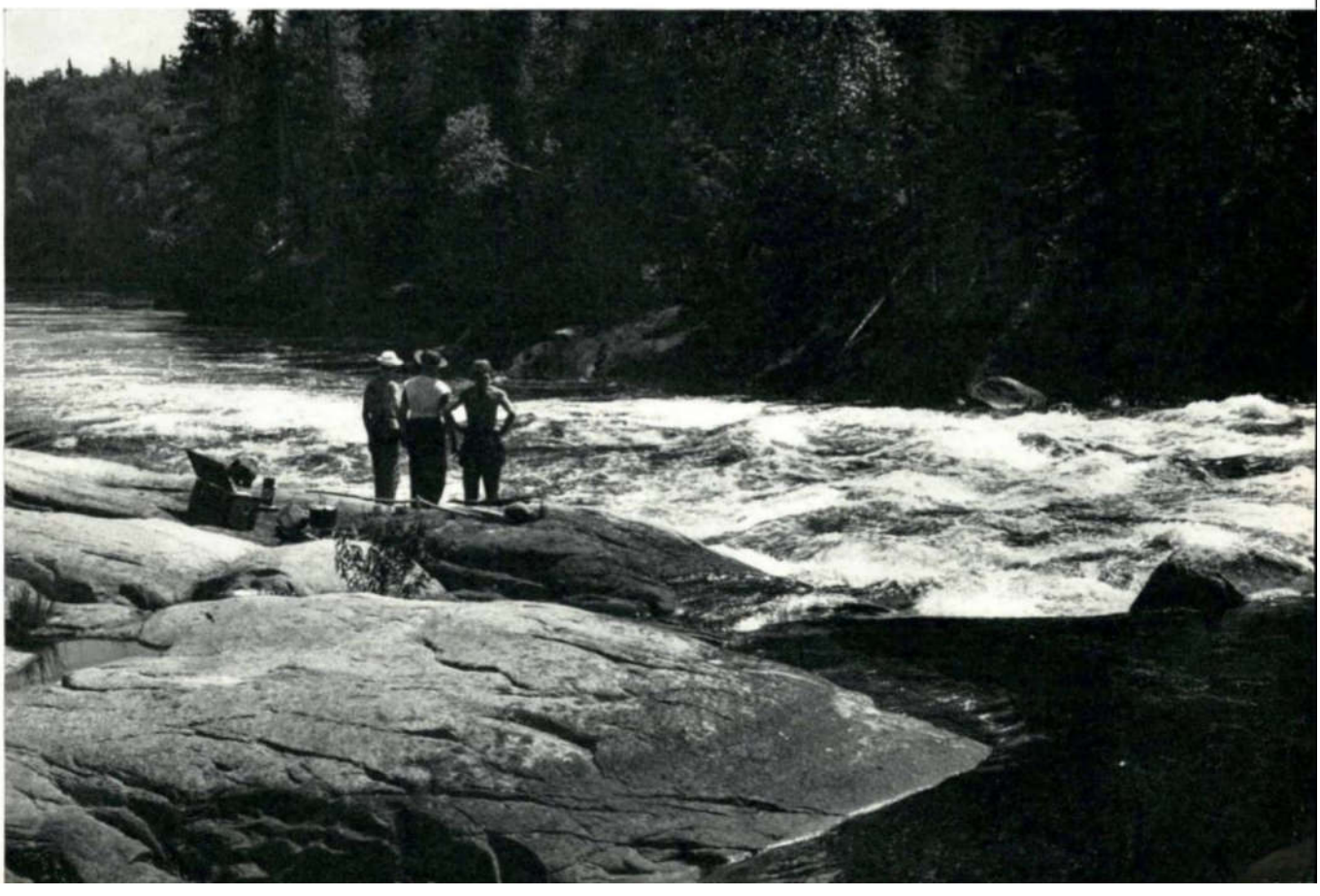
A large white canvas target mounted on a frame was placed on the horizon. All contestants were to study the direction of the target and become thoroughly familiar with its position in relation to their own. Once orientation was considered established, the contestants were asked to walk blindfolded toward the target. Also, the further precaution was taken of placing a cotton wad in the ears of each contestant to ward off possible extraneous sounds.

The result? Every person to the very last walked in a circle, taking a course that resembled a coiled watch spring.

The experiment was continued. Each contestant was placed on a horse and required to ride to the target. All similarly drove in a circle. Back seat drivers blindfolded were asked to guide the driver at the wheel. All continued to describe only circles.

Much to the chagrin and long-held conceptions of the departing challengers, they returned to their homes convinced that man has no sense of direction, or they left utterly confused. Man travels by cues if he is in the wilderness, and the better faculty he has for picking out

Where does it lead? *R. Harrington.*



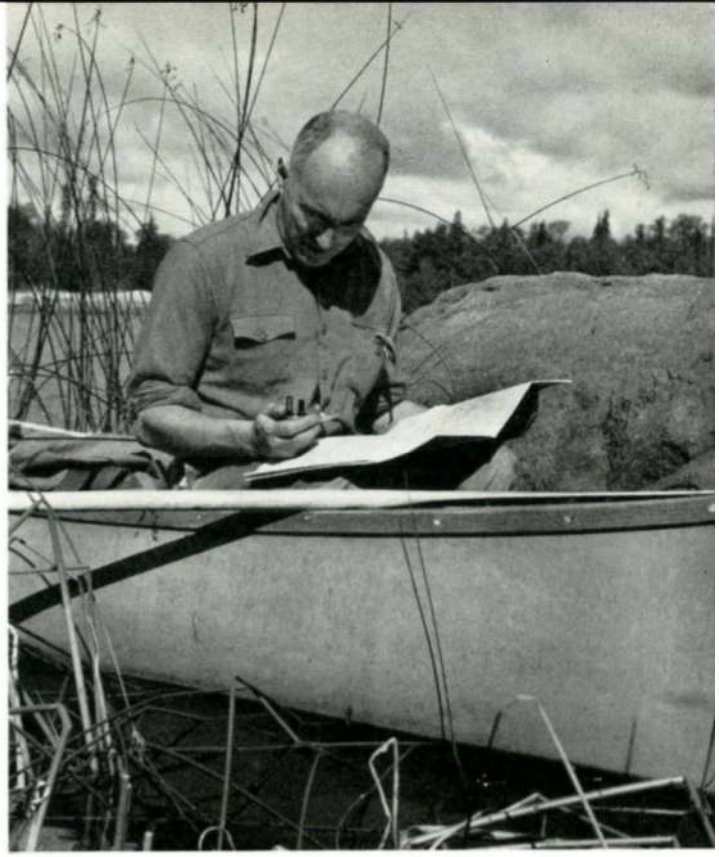
these cues, be they wind, contour, increased growth of a tree on the sunny side, or whatever is apparent to him, the better his ability to find his way about.

What the psychologist has concluded is that man has some sort of spiralling mechanism in his brain which will not permit him to walk in a straight line unless guided by his regular senses. Deer, when pursued, run in circles—whether by choice or instinct, we cannot say. The lowest form of life, the amoeba, in its seemingly dull existence in the scum of a stagnant pond, moves with a spiralling course, apparently getting nowhere—an accomplishment which we often attribute to humans.

The interesting thing about this circling process is that some persons instinctively go to the right, others to the left. On making leg measurements, it was found that while one leg may be shorter than the other in varying degrees, it did not influence the direction taken in the spiralling process. As often as not, those with a left leg shorter than the right circled to the right, this applying equally to those having shorter right legs.

It has been my experience after many years of extensive travel in the wilderness, that a person acquires a freedom of movement in wild regions only by breaking down by force what seems a natural fear. Once a person under the guidance of someone else has assumed the responsibility of plotting and holding a course over a considerable distance and succeeds, his triumph is usually a deeply felt one. The big test, and the greatest triumph, of course, is if he can succeed alone.

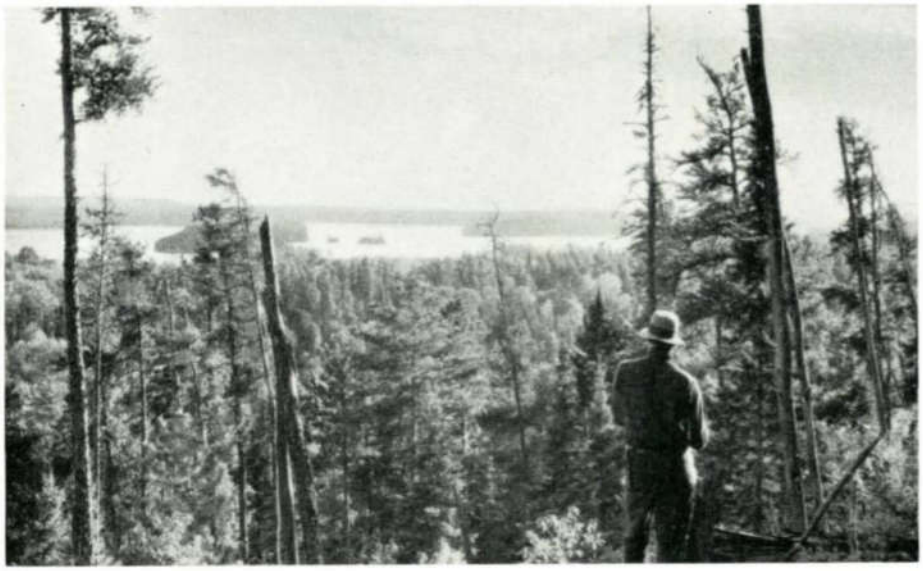
An overwhelming doubt most often siezes the man travelling alone for the first few trips, and unfortunately in some cases may never leave him. The novice, especially the adult (extreme youth is more adaptable), when first he follows a compass course, almost invariably is at odds with the compass directions. Contours of the terrain travelled over, play a large part in this, although I hold strongly to the opinion of the psychologists and their circling theory. On entering a forest or other wild area,



With a compass and large-scale map, you should be able to find your way. *R. Harrington*

the tendency somehow is to follow the best walking or what might seem to be the natural conformity of contour to route. Soon the novice has a strong feeling that the compass, if it does not conform to his natural route, is playing tricks on him.

When a compass appears wrong, it is almost impossible for the novice to bend his directions around to correct his orientation. He fights it, becomes a bit panicky, often trusts his own senses only to become lamentably lost. His greatest achievement in overcoming this blunder is when he follows his compass, certain in his mind that it is wrong,



A hilltop view will aid you in discovering your whereabouts. *C. Rutstrum*

and ultimately learns that the compass was not wrong but led him with unfailing certainty to his destination.

Nature seems destined to play tricks on people through no fault of their own except their lack of experience. A familiar one occurs when a person setting off into the edge of the forest on a cloudy day in winter intends to retrace his steps through the snow. A snow flurry comes up, levels the tracks and offers no direction of return except by compass, which the victim too often does not possess. If the mercury then drops rapidly during the night, the situation can be serious.

Some years ago I happened to be mustered into a searching party for a hunter who had been missing several days. When finally he was discovered, weary, hungry and half out of his mind, we learned that his confusion came about through the fact that he did not remember which end of the compass needle was north! Childish as it may seem, it is well to scratch this information on the back of a compass, for if there is even the faintest doubt in trying to recall this point, confusion mounts with added reflection.

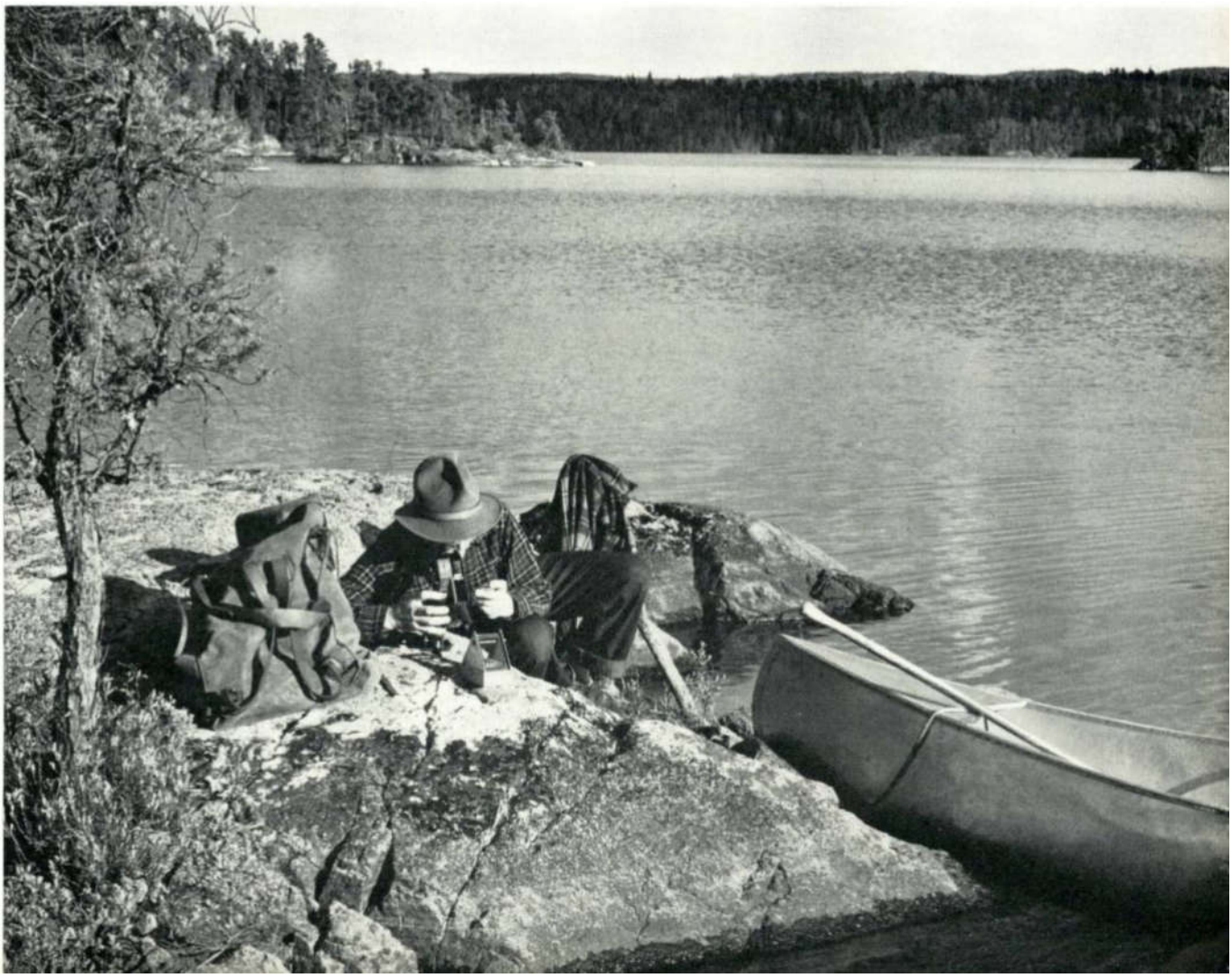
One of the first facts that the user of a compass should learn is that in most instances it does not point to true north. Only along a meandering unstable line, known as the Agonic Line, which runs roughly through the center of Canada, across Lake Superior into Michigan and out to sea just east of Florida, does the compass needle point to true north. East and west of this line there is a wide variation, until in the Mackenzie Delta and northern Quebec, the needle points as much as 44 degrees off true north. Farther north, as one approaches the latitude of the Magnetic Pole, there is an even greater declination, until in northern Baffin Island on the east, and northern Victoria Island on the west, the needle points due west and east.

No greater satisfaction can come to the wilderness traveler than to know with a few simple observations, an exact position can be determined so long as the stars, planets, sun or moon are visible.

Once when travelling in the Hudson Bay region with some Indians and a companion, we came to a dead-end lake and considerable confusion as to the trail ahead. When the Indians finally admitted their difficulty, I brought out my instruments and made some observations, fixing our position six miles south of the route proper. The process was overwhelming to them. On the return journey they consulted their councillor, who made me several offers for the instruments.

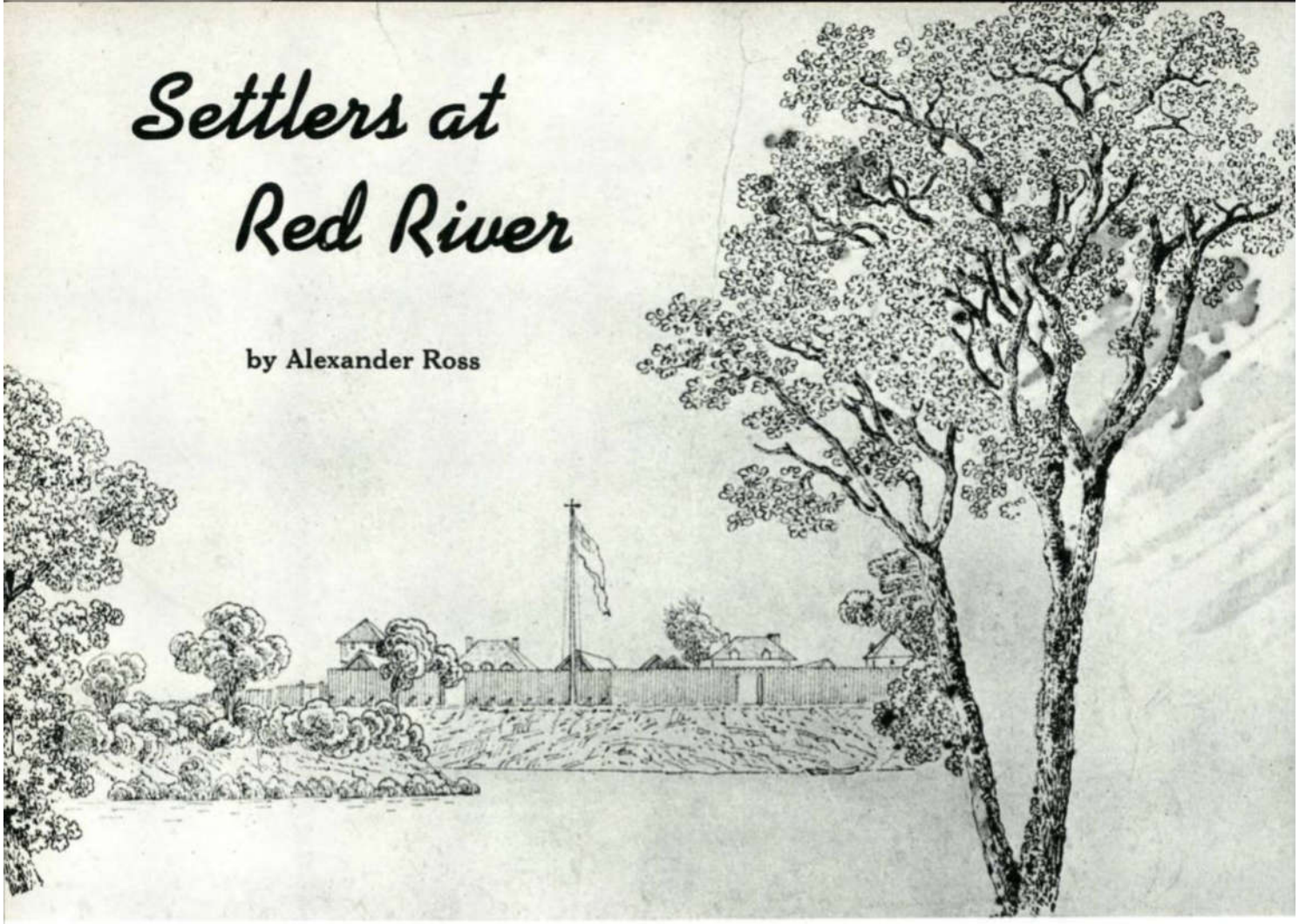
A number of years later when I returned to that country, I found I had been given a name which defies memory of spelling or pronunciation, but which translated at that time was, "He who on this earth travels among the stars."◆

The author locates his position by means of instruments.



Settlers at Red River

by Alexander Ross



The only picture of the first Fort Garry known to exist. Originally the North West Co. Fort Gibraltar, it stood at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine. An unfinished sketch by Peter Rindisbacher, done before 1826.
Courtesy C. H. Rindesbacher

A contemporary description, by the Sheriff of Red River Settlement, of some of the people who lived there over a century ago. Two of the illustrations are from unpublished Rindisbacher sketches.

Sheriff Alexander Ross of Assiniboia was a Scotsman who came to the Red River Colony from the Oregon fur trade in 1825. This description of the Canadian and half breed settlers applies to the year 1837, and is extracted from his book The Red River Settlement, *published in 1856 by Smith, Elder & Co. of London. Ross was endowed with imagination, and may have been inclined to dramatize what he saw. Nevertheless it is a lively and revealing picture that he draws here, and one can gain from it some idea of the difficulties encountered by the Council of Assiniboia (of which he was a member) in its attempts to create a prosperous, orderly settlement at Red River.*

A STRANGER entering Red River in June would be dazzled at the prospect around him. June, July, and August, are the three imposing months, when nature appears luxuriant in the extreme. The unbounded pasture, cattle everywhere grazing without restraint, the crops waving in the wind, every species of vegetation rich in blossom, and fertile as imagination itself. To enjoy these scenes as completely as possible, the writer invited a friend newly arrived in the place to accompany him from one end of the settlement to the other. The summer picture of this colony is truly delightful and enchanting, but like others of the same kind, after the first burst of admiration, the senses tire of viewing the same objects over and over again, and one day's ride exhausts the store of novelty.

For this pleasure, indeed, the traveller must sometimes pay dearly; for should he deviate ever so little from the public road, or saunter from the path, he is beset and tormented with the blood-thirsty musquetoes, rising in clouds at every step; surely the most unconquerable and fiercest people on earth, for though you kill a million, and but one remain alive, the fearless enemy never retreats, but advances either to conquer or die. In July also, the horse-fly—called in Red River, bull-dog—are very numerous, and annoying to cattle in particular. In August, both musque-

toes and bull-dogs disappear; and then the black house-fly takes their place, filling the dwelling-houses with their swarms, till the month of October, or the cold, removes them. Picture-frames, windows, tables, victuals, are not here the only objects of attack, but the owner's face and hands suffer also; while his ears are stunned with the perpetual hum, which can only be compared to the buzz of a disturbed bee-hive. These unwelcome visitors are destructive of all peace and comfort, whether sleeping or waking, during their continuance in the colony.

To return to my friend, I must here apologize for speaking in the first person as a matter of present convenience. Having taken a ramble on the highway, and satisfied his curiosity as to things generally, we halted at the Forks. This place, as has already been described, is the nucleus and chief rendezvous of the settlement—the division line between the Europeans and Canadians. Here the beaver hat and silken gown, the papered walls and carpeted floors meet the eye. Different this from what things were some ten or twelve years before, when I first visited the place!

From Fort Garry I invited my friend to accompany me on a visit to the upper part of the settlement, as he was anxious to know what kind of life the Canadians and half-breeds lead in this part of the world. We had not proceeded far before we met a stout, well-made, good-looking man, dressed in a common blue capote, red belt, and corduroy trousers; he spoke French, and was a Canadian. That, said I, pointing to his dress, is the universal costume of both Canadians and half-breeds, the belt being the simple badge of distinction; the former wearing it generally over, and the latter as generally under the capote. The stature of the half-breeds is of the middle size, and generally slender, countenances rather pleasing than otherwise. In manners mild, unassuming, not to say effeminate, and somewhat bashful. On the whole, however, they are a sedate and grave people, rather humble than haughty in their demeanour, and are seldom seen to laugh among strangers. The women are invariably fairer than the men, although at all seasons almost equally exposed. They are not, however, high coloured, but rather pale and sallow; resembling in their complexion more the natives of Spain, or the south of France, than the swarthy Indian here. I have, indeed, seen individuals as fair, and the tint of their skin as delicate, as any European lady.

The half-breed women are also slender, still more so than the men, but exceedingly well-featured and comely—many even handsome; and those who have the means are tidy about their person and dress. They are fond of show, and invariably attire themselves in gaudy prints, and shawls, chiefly of the tartan kind—all, as a matter of course, of foreign manufacture; but, like Indian women, they are very tenacious of the habits and customs of their native country. The blanket as an overall, is considered indispensable; it is used on all occasions, not only here, but throughout the continent, both at home and abroad; if a stick is wanted for the fire, or a pleasure party is to be joined away from home, the blanket is called for. This invariable habit gives them a stooping gait while walking, and the constant use of the same blanket, day and night, wet and dry, is supposed to give rise to consumptive complaints, which they are all more or less very subject to. At the age of thirty years, they generally look as old as a white woman of forty; perhaps from the circumstance that they marry young, and keep their children long at the breast.

We have noticed the extreme bashfulness peculiar to the half-breeds, or what might more properly be termed their false modesty or shyness, similar to what is observable among the Formosans. It is exhibited in almost every circumstance; for, although many of them understand and speak both French and English, yet they are averse to speak any other language than their mother tongue. And if the traveller chance to meet one of them on the road, she will instantly shroud her head in her blanket, and try to pass without speaking. Speak to her, and she looks to the ground. Stop, and she turns to one side, and ten to one passes without answering you. For one of her own countrymen, however, a smile, a *bon jour*, and a shake of the hand is always ready.

Such is the roving propensity of these people that they are never in their proper element, unless gossiping from house to house. Like a bird in the bush, they are always on the move; and as often in their neighbours' houses as in their own. It is not uncommon for a woman getting up in the morning, to throw her blanket about her and set off on a gossiping tour among her neighbours, and leave her children foodless and clothesless among the ashes, to shift for themselves; yet, like most Indian women, they are generally tender mothers. We hope the ladies alluded to will take a useful lesson from these remarks. And likewise reform their shopping propensity and love of fineries, which do not bespeak industrious habits, or a great desire to manufacture their own clothing. These are blemishes not easily removed.

Canadians and half-breeds are promiscuously settled together, and live much in the same way, although we shall be able to point out some differences. They are not, properly speaking, farmers, hunters, or fishermen; but rather confound the three occupations together, and follow them in turn, as whim or circumstances may dictate. They farm to-day, hunt to-morrow, and fish the next, without anything like system; always at a nonplus, but never disconcerted. They are great in adventuring, but small in performing; and exceedingly plausible in their dealings. Still, they are oftener more useful to themselves than to others, and get through the world the best way they can, without much forethought or reflection. Taking them all in all, they are a happy people.

The men are great tobacco-smokers, the women as great tea-drinkers; but they seldom indulge in the luxury of sugar with this beverage. Debts may accumulate, creditors may press, the labourer may go without his hire, the children run naked, but the tea-kettle and tobacco-pipe are indispensable. We have already observed that they are passionately fond of roving about, visiting, card-playing, and making up gossiping parties. To render this possible,

Another unfinished sketch by Rindisbacher. The man is very similar to another sketch of his described as "an immigrant colonist from French Canada." The others are probably Indian and half-breed women.
Courtesy C. H. Rindesbacher

they must of course be equally hospitable in return; and, in fact, all comers and goers are welcome guests at their board. The apostle recommends hospitality; but we cannot give the name of hospitality to the foolish and ruinous practice we are speaking of; strictly following the Indian principle, "Divide while anything remains," and beg when all is done. This habit is carried to excess among them, as most things are, the false indulgence of which reduces them to misery and want; and when there is nothing left at home, they live abroad at their neighbours' till they are generally all reduced to the same level. Far be it from us to find fault with a people for attachment to their own ancient usages; but all men must condemn a practice that not only fosters poverty in the individual homes, but is, in its consequences, injurious to society.

We have to notice a marked difference between the Europeans and the French. In the spring of the year, when the former are busy, late and early, getting their seed into the ground, the Canadian is often stuck up in the end of his canoe fishing gold-eyes, and the half-breed as often sauntering about idle with his gun in his hand. At the same time, if you ask either to work, they will demand unreasonable wages, or even refuse altogether: preferring indolence to industry, and their own roving habits to agricultural or other pursuits of civilized life. Their own farms, if farms they may be called, point them out as a century behind their European neighbours. Harvest time shows no improvement on sowing time, for they are to be seen anywhere but in the neighbourhood of their proper work. In short, they do all things out of season, and in the multiplicity of their pursuits oftener lose the advantage of all than accomplish one; verifying the old proverb of too many irons in the fire. While they are planning this and that little labour, the summer passes by, and winter threatens them often with their crops unsecured, their houses unmudded, and their cattle unprovided for. They live a ragged life, which habit has made familiar to them. Knowing no other condition, they are contented and happy in poverty; and, perhaps we may add, contentment in this life is everything.

Continuing our tour of inspection, we visited the houses of these people, and here truth compels us to draw a line of distinction. The Canadian of any standing is tidy in his dwelling: the floor is kept clean; the bed neatly made up, and generally set off with curtains and coverlet; the little cupboard, if there is nothing in it, is still orderly and clean; in short, everything else just as it ought to be. On the contrary, the half-breeds, generally speaking, exhibit more of the discomforts that attend a mere encampment in their dwellings. When anything is wanted, everything in the domicile has to be turned topsy turvy to find it, and the inmates sleep as contented on the floor as in a bed—a sort of pastoral life, reminding us of primeval times. Among this class, the buffalo robe is more frequently to be seen than the blanket in their dwellings. The better sort, however, have their houses divided into two rooms; but they are all bare of furniture, and ornament never enters, except occasionally a small picture of the Virgin Mary, or a

Upper Fort Garry—the frontispiece of Ross's book, "Red River Settlement," lithographed from a sketch by Isobel Finlayson. The carriole is driving on the "glib ice" of the Assiniboine's mouth.

favourite apostle, hung to the wall in a little round frame. Variety or taste is, of course, out of the question, and a multiplied sameness characterizes everything about them.

But what pleased and interested my friend most of all,—he being a young man and fond of novelty,—was their winter amusements; the fine horse, the bells, the ribbons, the gay painted cariole, trotting matches, fiddling, dancing, and gossiping parties. The gaiety of their carousals ought, indeed, to be mentioned. When met together on these occasions, they are loud talkers, great boasters, and still greater drinkers and smokers; they sing vociferously, dance without mercy, and generally break up their bacchanalian revels with a sort of Irish row. The constant tide of cariole comers and goers, Sundays and week-days alike, would lead to a belief that the Canadians and half-breeds were all official men, did all the business of the colony, and settled affairs of state into the bargain. And yet, what is the fact? All this heyday, and hurrying to and fro, is mere idleness and gasconade. A Canadian or half-breed able to exhibit a fine horse, and gay cariole, is in his glory; this achievement is at once the height of his ambition, and his ruin. Possessed of these, the thriftless fellow's habitation goes to ruin; he is never at home, but driving and caricoling in all places, and every opportunity; blustering and bantering every one he meets. The neighbourhood of the church on Sundays and holy days has all the appearance of a fair; and whether arriving or returning, the congregation is deafened by the clamour, and shocked by the vagaries of these braggarts.

While we were enjoying the scenes around us, a fellow with a showy horse and gay cariole shot past us on the glib ice like lightning, with a lustre that threw us completely into the shade.

"Who is that?" said my friend, staring with surprise: "he must be a person of some consequence!" Could he believe that this glittering Phaeton was not worth a shilling in the world? That only a day or two since he possessed a house, a snug little farm, an ox, and a cow; and gave all for the tempting horse and cariole?

Soon afterwards I asked my companion to accompany me to a dwelling near by; and as we were driven out of doors again by the cold and discomfort, he truly remarked, "What a miserable hovel! Not a blanket on the bed, the children are naked, not a stick to put on the fire, and the poor woman, with her little ones, like a hen with her brood of chickens sitting in the ashes!" "It is all true, too true," said I; "yet the man who dazzled you so amazingly a short time ago dwells here! This is your man of consequence; this is his family." When I told him so, he stood confounded. "These things," said I, "are not uncommon here; folly and idleness all!" How these people bring up their children from infancy is almost a mystery. No special care, as in other countries, is here taken to feed a child; it is constantly stuck at its mother's breast like a leech, till it can sprawl about or walk and feed itself, and then it fares as its parents do; it eats strong meat and drinks strong tea, breakfast, dinner, and supper, the same—always meat, and nothing but meat, washed down, as the general custom is, with tea, strong and bitter as tobacco juice. Healthy children, indeed, with strong stomachs, thrive well; but the puny and delicate soon sink under such treatment, and relieve their parents of all further trouble on their behalf.•

Sophisticated Eskimos

Story and Photos by R. N. Hourde

Richard Nash Hourde is known to "Beaver" readers mainly for the excellent photographs he took down north in the summer of 1936. Here is a short sketch he wrote while he was on that voyage, and it is especially interesting when read in conjunction with Captain Pedersen's whaling story, which took place in the same locality, thirty-six years before. About 1938 William "Paddy" Gibson, authority on the Western Arctic Eskimos, read Mr. Hourde's story in manuscript, and jotted down some notes on it which are appended here.

ON the second most northerly tip of the Canadian mainland the Baillie Island post of the Hudson's Bay Company stands on a sand-spit extending three miles out to sea from Cape Bathurst.

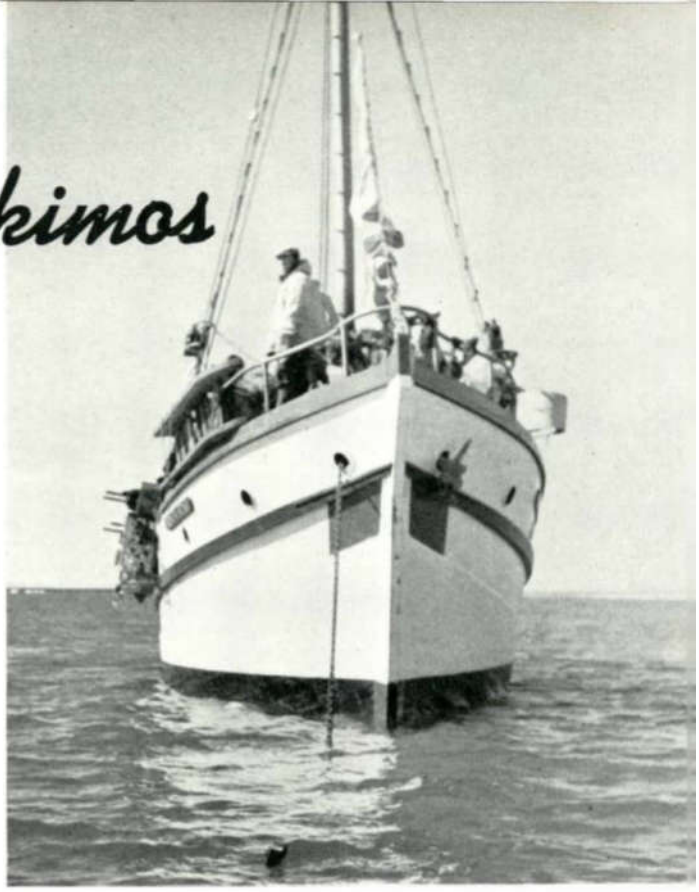
Into the green waters of the lagoon, sheltered from the ice-dotted waters of the ocean proper by the protecting spit, there sailed one day in 1936 a fleet of five Eskimo schooners. As the largest of these, a sixty-footer, dropped her hook with a resounding splash, a chorus of wails and howls rent the air, as a deck load of huskies gave vent to their pent-up emotions. The vessel's high prow rose ten feet from the water-line, and bore the name *North Star*, lettered in gold by an expert hand.

In the minds of most people, travel, as practised by the Eskimos, conjures up a picture of either dog teams or kyaks; so it may interest you to know that the proud Eskimo owner of the *North Star* had paid $24,000 for his vessel the year before. Schooners costing four to five thousand dollars are not at all unusual. At least one third of the Eskimo families of the Mackenzie group own and operate their own boats during the short two months' navigation period.

They are good sailors, and cautious ones. Before embarking on a cruise the barometer is carefully consulted, hours in advance; and the sky is scanned for the faintest sign of stormy weather. The result is that though their schooners are habitually over-loaded with supplies, dogs, and Eskimo acquaintances to whom they are lending a helping hand, one seldom hears of a case where an Eskimo boat has been lost at sea.

But the sophistication of the modern Western Arctic Eskimo extends to more than schooners. When you offer an Eskimo a package of cigarettes and a match, likely as not, after that first smoke, he will dig down inside his caribou artiggi, and hauling out a cigarette case and a lighter, will say: "Now try one of mine, and here's a light."

A constable on the R.C.M.P. Arctic patrol boat *St. Roch* was strolling the deck one morning enjoying one of his morning cigars—but without offering his friends any. An Eskimo standing by noticed this sad breach of etiquette.



The $24,000 (in 1935) Eskimo vessel "North Star" at Baillie Island, Western Arctic. Note the komatik lashed to the stanchions.

Reaching inside his artiggi, he drew out a fist-full of "ten-centers" and asked: "Have a cigar, boys?"

It is rare that an Eskimo family is without a household phonograph. A new set of records is bought for it each year; and strangely enough Kentucky Hill Billy tunes are favourites. Cowboy laments rate a close second. And often in the evening the strains of "Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie" blend with the lapping of the tide on grounded ice, as the melody issues from an Eskimo tent glowing orange in the light of the midnight sun.

Even Knud Rasmussen, the famous Danish explorer, speaks of the "dollar natives" of the Western Arctic, in 1925. In his book, *Across Arctic America*, he mentions that after travelling for hundreds of miles in the Eastern Arctic among simple, friendly people, who were only too happy to be of service and would accept only a small present in return, the first Mackenzie Eskimos he encountered demanded twenty-five dollars a day to act as guides along a small section of their coast.

One day I photographed a native paddling off shore in his kyak. He had a broad smile on his face when he came in. I smiled back. Picking up his kyak, he walked up the beach towards me and said, "You give me five dollars, no?"

"I'll give you a package of cigarettes, yes!"

Radios, phonographs, cigarette lighters, and even tooth brushes have invaded the Western Arctic. I was admiring the strong, white teeth of an Eskimo harpooner one day while out in a boat hunting for white whales.

"I suppose you brush your teeth twice a day," I said half jokingly.

"E-e-e-e-e!" (Affirmative.)

And then he named a well-known brand of tooth paste.

I was surprised, too, to see that snap-shot cameras are becoming as popular among the little brown people of the Arctic, as they are in more cosmopolitan centres. At Tuktoyaktuk I saw an Eskimo focusing his camera on two pretty, smiling faced Eskimo women, who patted their hair into shape and straightened their "Mother Hubbard" dresses with all the fastidiousness of their white sisters in the south.

Later the same Eskimo escorted me on board his schooner to show me his collection of prints, which he had taken, developed, and printed himself. Some were old and slightly faded; but there were others of average quality that included such interesting subjects as famous missionaries, policemen, and fur traders who had made their way into that region of the world in the past ten years. He was also the proud possessor of a snap showing a house in the suburbs of a small town in Ontario, which he carefully explained, pointing out the many windows and patiently expounding to me how the big "fire-box" in the basement kept the house warm like summer all winter long.

Notes by William Gibson

This group of Eskimos is very distinct from the remaining groups further to the eastward in the Western Arctic District. In comparison they are highly civilised and conform more to European standards of living. They have been in contact with civilisation for a long period, first with the American whalers who began operations off their coast around 1890, and more lately with the missionaries who arrived to claim them for Christianity. Southward along the coast to the east and west of the Mackenzie Delta they were subject to the increasing influx of whites down the river. In 1915 the H B C established its first three posts in the Western Arctic among this particular group.

The Eskimo who wanted five dollars.

Being thus a long time in contact with Europeans they are more civilised and sophisticated than any other group of Canadian Eskimos. They engage in trapping professionally and have comparatively large incomes. They all speak some English and are educated to currency values.

As distinct from all other Canadian Eskimo groups they do not live in snow houses and do not even know how to build them. The Mackenzie River throws so much drift timber up on the coast to the east and west of the delta that ample supplies are available for building log shacks and heating them with drift wood.

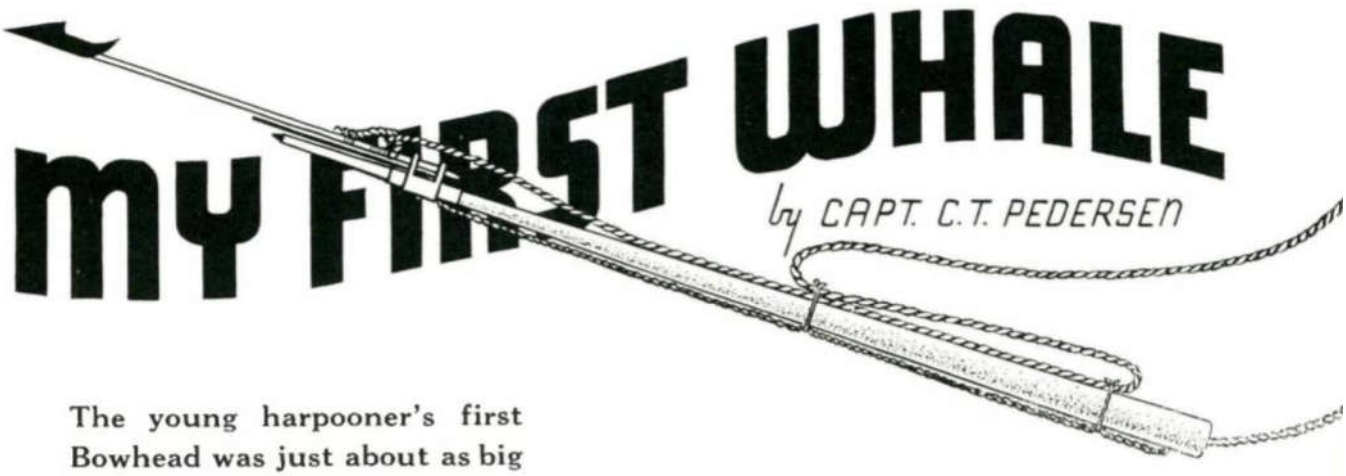
Since the utilisation of the gas engine the Mackenzie Eskimos are becoming very poor sailors. The young men cannot really handle sail at all. Trained by the American whalers, the older generation were skilled sailors in the strict meaning of the term. The first gas engines made their appearance amongst them in 1920. Nowadays, every schooner is equipped with one.

It is very necessary to distinguish this group of Eskimos from the remaining group in the Western Arctic, the more so as the most primitive Eskimos in existence are to be found in the eastern end of the district. ◆

Eskimo schooners beached at the Company's Baillie Island post.

MY FIRST WHALE

by CAPT. C.T. PEDERSEN



The young harpooner's first Bowhead was just about as big as they come.

"THOSE fools will go and lose that whaleboat," shouted Captain James McKenna from the crow's nest, to the officer on deck of the steam whaling barque *Fearless*. Of course, we in the whaleboat could not hear him calling us fools as we were a mile or more from the ship, and I doubt if it would have stopped us if we had. We were frantically shoving farther into closely packed ice with boat hook and paddles in order to get up to a large Bowhead whale which had surfaced several times in a hole in the ice about 150 by 250 feet. We did not expect it to remain there very long. The cakes of ice were pressing lightly against each other a few feet below the surface, but the top edges had melted away, leaving channels of sufficient width and depth to float our thirty foot whaleboat. However, we had to be extremely careful not to make any noise, and not to let the boat scrape against the ice. A whale's hearing is very acute, both while below and on the surface, except at the instant of spouting, when it makes a loud noise of its own and is usually oblivious to other noises.

It was July 1900. We had spent the winter behind the southwest sandspit of Baillie Island, about 200 miles eastward of the delta of the Mackenzie River, in the Beaufort Sea, as we wanted to be near the whaling grounds considerably earlier in the season than any vessels could get in around Point Barrow from San Francisco.

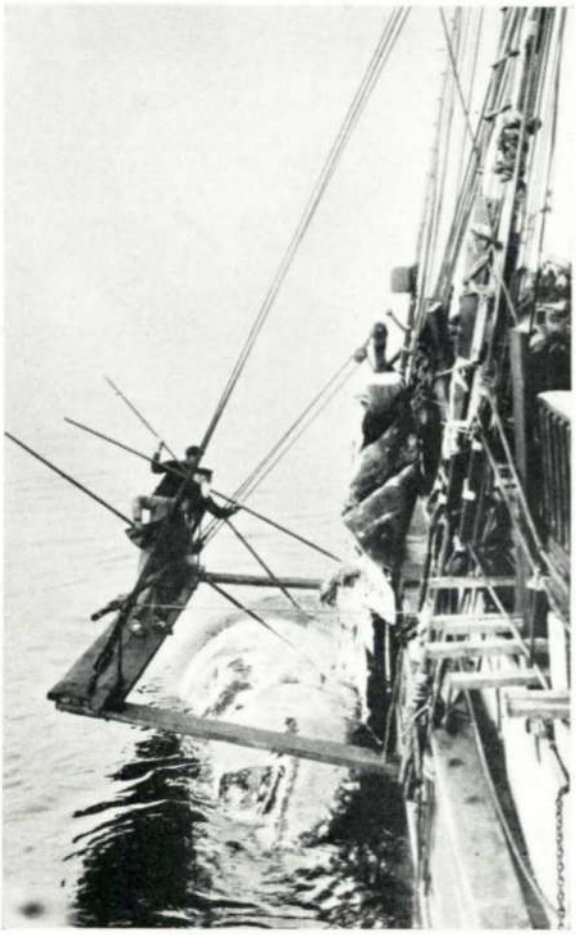
The Bowhead whales spend the winter at the edge of the ice-pack, far south on the Siberian coast, but migrate to the Beaufort Sea each spring. They start working north usually in March, and the first ones round Point Barrow early in April. However, they are forced to move south again at times, if they can not find any cracks or holes in the ice-pack in which to come up for air. They usually come up every twenty minutes, although I have seen a wounded whale remain one and a half hours on the bottom and then come up to spout.

The cow whales with calves are the last to come north, usually in May or early June. They prefer less ice because they have to bring the calf to the surface for air quite often. They carry a young calf piggy-back although it may be fifteen feet or more long, and weigh several tons. This enables the mother whale to make better time than she could if the tired calf were trying to paddle along beside the mother. It is remarkable how the calf can hang on to the mother's back while travelling at a good many knots, but the suction has a lot to do with it. Besides, the mother keeps her head considerably higher than her back while swimming, leaving more or less dead water back of her neck where the calf is hanging on. When the mother whale comes up to spout, she rises up sufficiently so that the top of the calf's head is a foot or more above water, allowing it to spout at the same time she does. When it is feeding time, the mother rolls over on her side and lies still on the surface while the calf nurses.

We were about seven or eight miles northwest of Baillie Island on the day that we were after this large whale. All the *Fearless*' five whaleboats had been down chasing whales for several hours. They had been after a number of them coming through the slack ice, but did not succeed in getting within striking distance, as the whales were all travelling fast and soon disappeared in the ice-pack to the eastward. Captain McKenna signalled for all boats to come back to the ship. Our boat had been farthest away after a whale, so the other four boats were quite a bit ahead of us, as we sailed towards the ship.

I was standing on the weather gunwale, holding on to the backstay, as I was hoping to spot another whale. The other four boats were nearing the ship, but we were a mile or so away, when I sighted this whale spouting in the ice-pack, not far from the edge. We headed for the spot immediately, and at the same time put up a blue flag on the stern of our boat as a signal to the other boats and the ship that we had sighted a whale. They did not pay any attention to us.

The chances of killing a whale outright with the first bomb are about one in twenty, so we were anxious to have the other boats near us. If we should strike the whale we might need their whale line, in case the animal should start



Stripping the blubber off a whale alongside a sailing vessel. *C. T. Pedersen.*

off under the ice-pack. Each boat carried 300 fathoms of whale line, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference, made of the very best grade of Manila. It has happened to ships quite a number of times that a wounded whale would go off with all of the 1500 fathoms of line from five boats, and never be seen again. When a boat is alone at such a time, the end of the line is hung on to until the bow of the boat is on the verge of being pulled under the ice. The crew keeps hoping that the heavy pull on the whale will make him come back into slack ice, as happens at times. An inflated sealskin poke is bent on to the end of the line, if it has to be let go, as this will bring it to the surface if the whale comes up in clear water or slack ice, where it may be possible to pick the line up again. In the meantime the officer has been standing by in the bow with a sharp knife in his hand ready to cut the line instantly if an emergency arises. Some boats have been pulled under and the crew lost because the line got tangled and no knife was handy for quick cutting.

From the time that a wounded whale starts under the ice, he has to pull quite a load as he is given line grudgingly. Four or five turns of line go around the loggerhead (post) in the stern of the boat, and the friction would burn up the line as it is let out, except that a man keeps busy wetting the line in the tubs, and also pouring water on the loggerhead. The officer or harpooner has to have heavy canvas pads in the palms of his hands while attending to the line at the loggerhead. Otherwise, he would burn the skin off his hands as the whale line slips through them.

A Bowhead whale can be approached by a boat under sail only, so we had left our sail up. The whale was down when we reached the edge of the hole, so the crew held the boat in place by hanging on to the ice. Those were anxious moments, as we all wondered if, after all our trouble, the whale had decided to follow the others. No one could figure out why this lone whale remained behind when all the others were on their way to their summer feeding grounds farther east and to the north. It turned out to be a large cow whale, and I often thought that she was waiting for her boy friend to catch up with her from the westward.

It was a great relief when the whale broke water again, and we glided silently towards her middle. She was broadside to us at the opposite side of the hole. When we were eight or ten feet away, I threw my first darting gun, with harpoon, at her, followed in a flash by my second gun.

This six-foot man is holding strips of whalebone or baleen from the whale's upper jaw. The baleen was used for corset stays and horsewhips. *C. T. Pedersen.*

The whale settled so fast that our boat dropped a couple of feet down into a temporary hollow as we passed over where she had been. We heard both bombs exploding in the whale, but she took only the first eight fathoms which had been coiled in the bow of the boat, and none out of the line tubs. Our fourth mate, Harry Slate, in the stern said that my second gun must have blown the harpoon out of the whale. I knew that this could not be, as I had darted the second gun at a spot several feet from where my harpoon entered the whale. Anyway, I started hauling in on the line, but it fetched up hard after I had pulled in only a fathom or two.

What a glorious feeling then came over me! I knew that I really had my first whale. Seconds later, the whale rose perpendicularly against the port bow of the boat, where I was standing, and shoved our boat sideways a little. I hurriedly grabbed our boathook and gave a hard shove against the whale's head so as to get the boat as far away as possible, as she could have easily tipped over on top of our boat. When about twelve feet of her head extended straight up in the air, the weight of it forced her body down slowly, and at the same time she was falling over on her side, clear of the stern of our boat, and she straightened out on the surface. In the meantime we had dropped our sail down, and I changed places with Mr. Slate. It was always the rule in this old style whaling that, after the harpooner had fastened to a whale, he went aft to attend to the whale line and steering the boat, and the officer took his place in the bow to kill the whale with shoulder-gun bombs. Many officers remained in the stern and let the harpooner use the shoulder gun as they were afraid of it. I have seen the kick from it knock the officers down at times. In our case there was nothing for Mr. Slate to do, as our whale was lying on its side dead, but he fired a shoulder bomb into her anyway for good measure.

It happened so quickly that not any of us had found time to look around. Captain McKenna had heard my two guns go off when I darted them at the whale. When we did look around we could hardly see the *Fearless* for smoke. She had dropped the first and second mates' boats again, and they were not long reaching us.

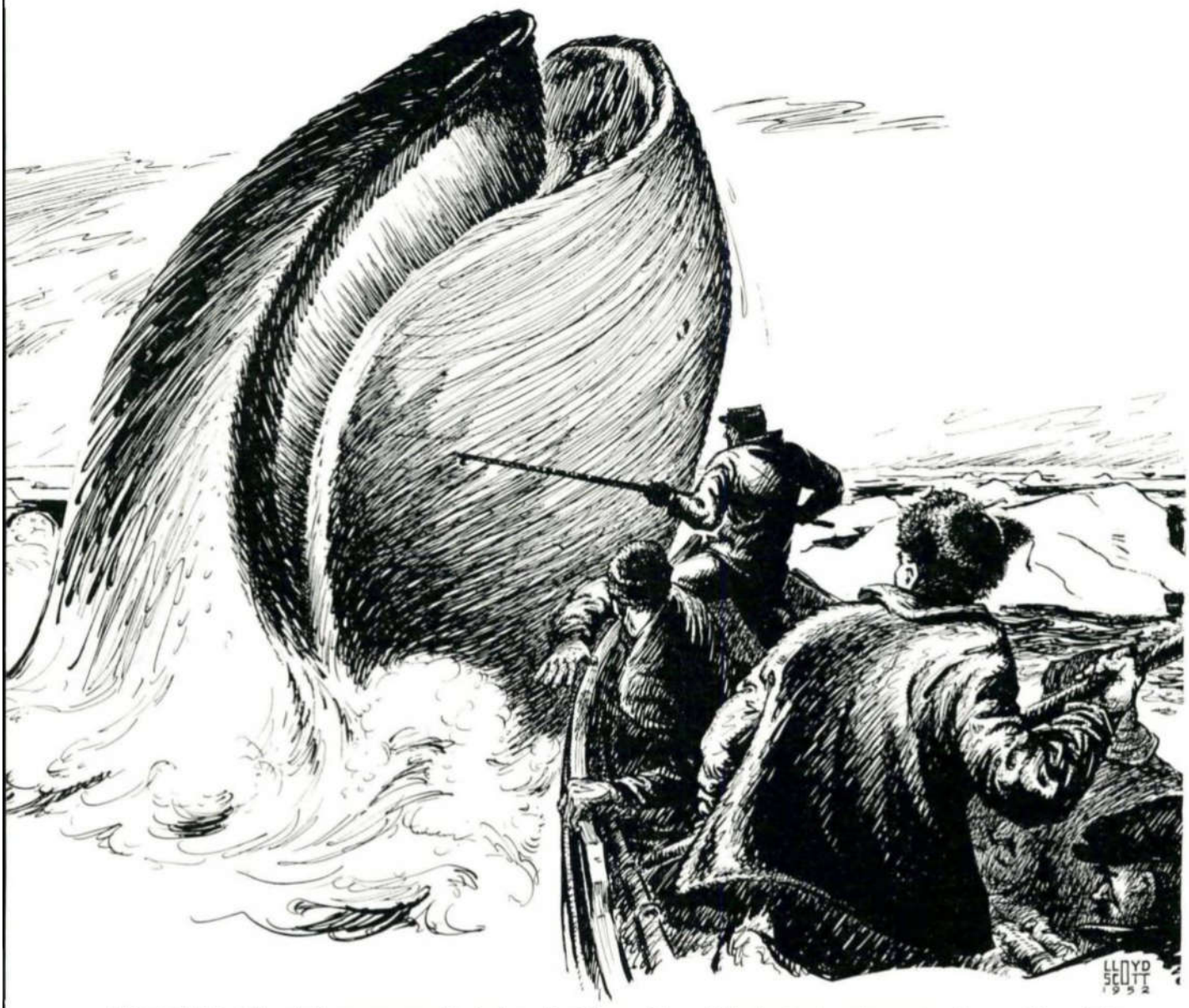
The water was very clear so we could see the outline of the whole whale, and it was by far the largest whale I have ever seen. Our old second mate, Mr. Lucas, had been Sperm whaling and Bowhead whaling for oil all his life, and he said that it was a 125 ton whale and would make at least 250 barrels of oil (8,000 gallons) from the coating of blubber on it, if we were making oil.

It did not take the *Fearless* long to shove through the ice and get a strong cable around the flukes of the whale so as to pull it out of the ice. We towed it into slack ice, and hurriedly got the head of baleen on deck, plus a lot of blackskin (muktuk) and also the flukes (tail) and one fin, and then cast the whole carcass adrift.

The longest baleen in this head was twelve feet two inches long. A Bowhead Whale has approximately 280 slabs of baleen on each side of the head. These slabs are placed flat side and close together in the top of the head.

Baleen has hairs on the inside edges, so as to form a net to catch the microscopic plankton on which the whales feed. A whale swims along with his mouth open and the plankton lodges in the hair, bushels of it at a time when it is plentiful. By closing the lower lips tight over this mass of baleen, a whale forces the water out of the mouth with its enormous tongue, and then sucks in the feed. It was later found that the baleen in my first whale weighed 2800 pounds after it had been washed and dried. At the price of $6.00 per pound, prevailing at the time, it was worth $16,800.00. Needless to say, we were not called "fools" again, when we landed on deck of the *Fearless*.

I have heard of only one larger whale in my time. It was harpooned by a whaleboat from the steam whaling brig *Jeanette* at the edge of the ice-pack in the Bering Sea early one spring. This whale went into the ice-pack after being harpooned and took all the whale line. It must have been hurt badly because one of the other steamers sighted a dead whale floating high in the ice three days later. They started to cut in the whale, but the *Jeanette*, being nearby, did not waste any time in sending their first mate over to see if the whale had a harpoon marked *Jeanette* in it. Sure enough they found the harpoon when

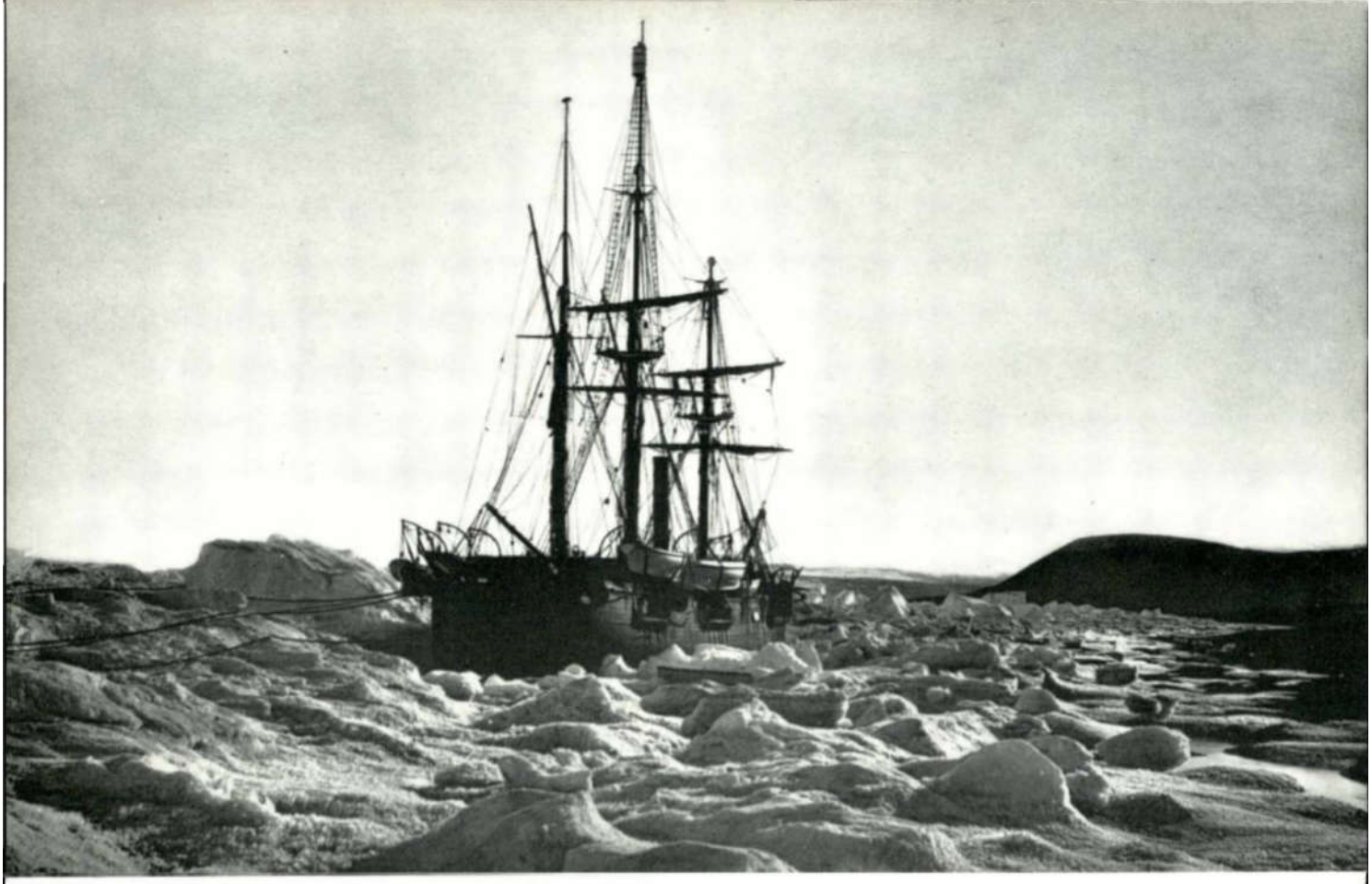


"Seconds later, the whale rose perpendicularly against the port bow of the boat, where I was standing. . . . I hurriedly grabbed our boat hook and gave a hard shove against the whale's head.

they rolled the whale over, so the *Jeanette* claimed the whale as hers. This also was an extra large whale, as its longest baleen was twelve feet six inches long and weighed over 3400 pounds.

It was a very happy day for the Eskimos in the little Cape Bathurst village when we anchored near by, and they were given the flukes and fin of the whale plus a lot of blackskin, nearly three tons in all, and great delicacies to them. They made short work of cutting up the very large flukes and fin, and celebrated with a big whale dance that night. The cook on our ship had also been busy cooking up large pots full of blackskin, and we gorged ourselves on it, as it is very good eating. It tastes a little like cocoanut. The Eskimos prefer to eat it raw, and they like it better still when it is frozen and not too fresh. The tail of our whale was over twenty-three feet wide. It is more like gristle, but like tough jelly when cooked. The tongue in such a large whale would have made over fifteen barrels of oil.

We were not making whale oil in those days, as the ships were after the very expensive baleen only. This was mostly used in making corset stays, and also expensive horsewhips. The dealers in whalebone kept asking higher and higher prices for it each year until the manufacturers of corsets found a substitute for it, and that killed the Western Arctic whaling business. The automobile industry also had a lot to do with it, as there was very little demand for horsewhips after practically every farmer owned a car. We killed our last Bowhead whale over thirty years ago, as both baleen and whale oil were so low in price that it did not pay to hunt them. Thereafter we concentrated on trading for furs along the Arctic coast. ◆



H.M.S. *Alert* nipped in the ice near Cape Beechey, Robeson Channel, August 1876. *George White*

Early Arctic Photographs

THESE pictures were taken over three quarters of a century ago, on Sir George Nares' expedition towards the North Pole, and show the ships under his command—H.M.S. *Alert* of 1045 tons, and H.M.S. *Discovery* of 378 tons—beset by ice. In August 1875, the two vessels reached Lady Franklin Sound on the northeast coast of Ellesmere Island, and there the *Discovery* wintered in a bay known since as Discovery Harbour (see opposite page).

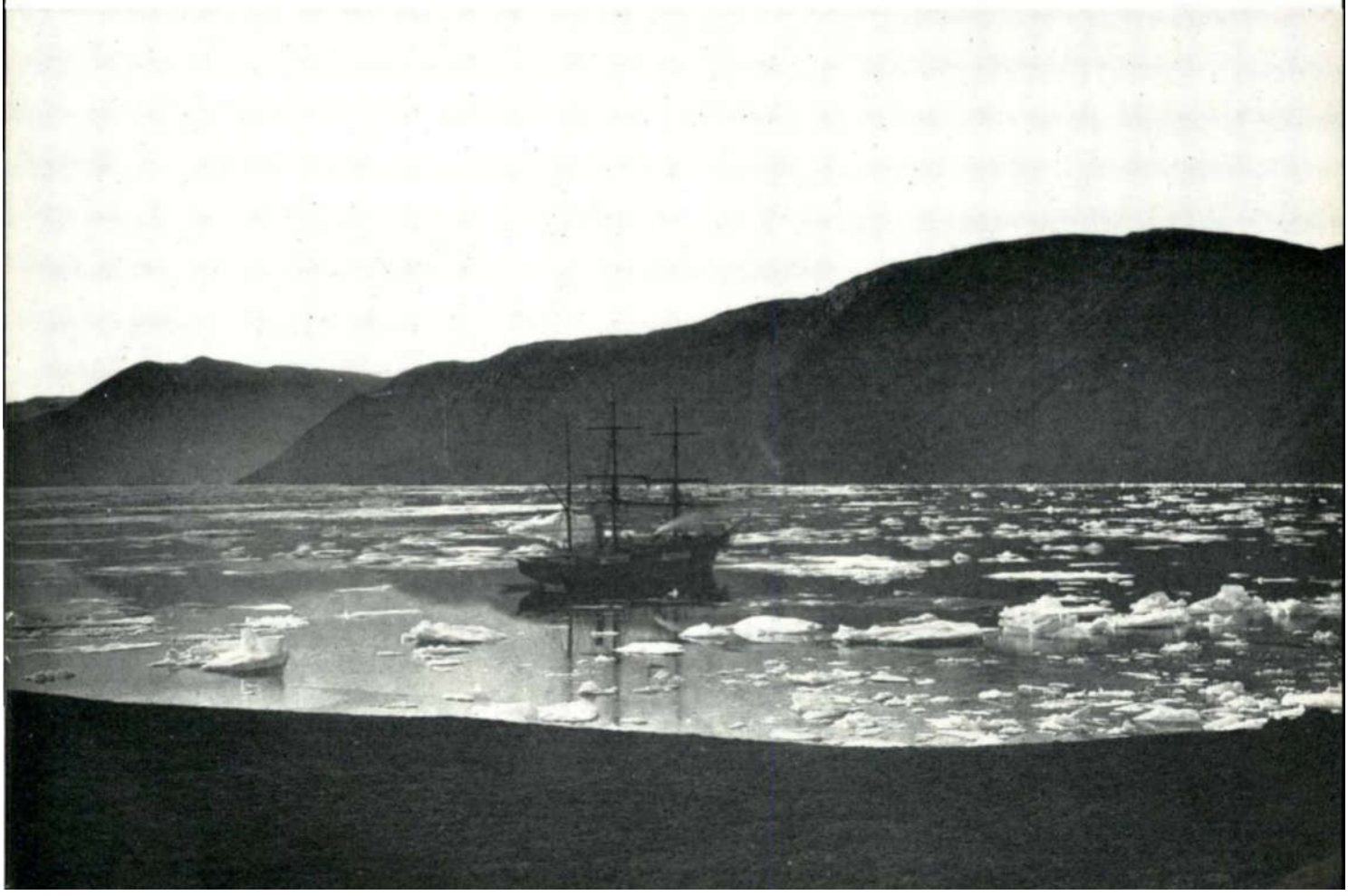
The *Alert*, however, pushed on northward to Cape Sheridan (where Peary's S.S. *Roosevelt* spent the winters of 1905-6 and 1908-9) and wintered there at "Floeberg Beach" in Lat. 82° 30′ N, the farthest north reached by any ship. During the winter sledge parties were sent out to the north, east, and west, and on May 12, 1876, that of Cmdr. A. H. Markham and Lt. A. A. C. Parr attained Lat. 83° 20′ 26″. That was the nearest any members of the expedition could get to the Pole. Scurvy broke out, and at the end of July the expedition started for home.

These excellent photographs were taken by Thomas Mitchell, paymaster of the *Discovery*, and George White, assistant engineer of the *Alert*. Considering their age, it is interesting to compare them with the modern Arctic photographs by Miss Lorene Squire printed elsewhere in this issue. They are reproduced from the "Permanent Woodbury Prints" pasted into the two volumes of Nares' account of the expedition, *Voyages to the Polar Sea*.

Frozen in for the winter of 1875-6. *Thomas Mitchell*

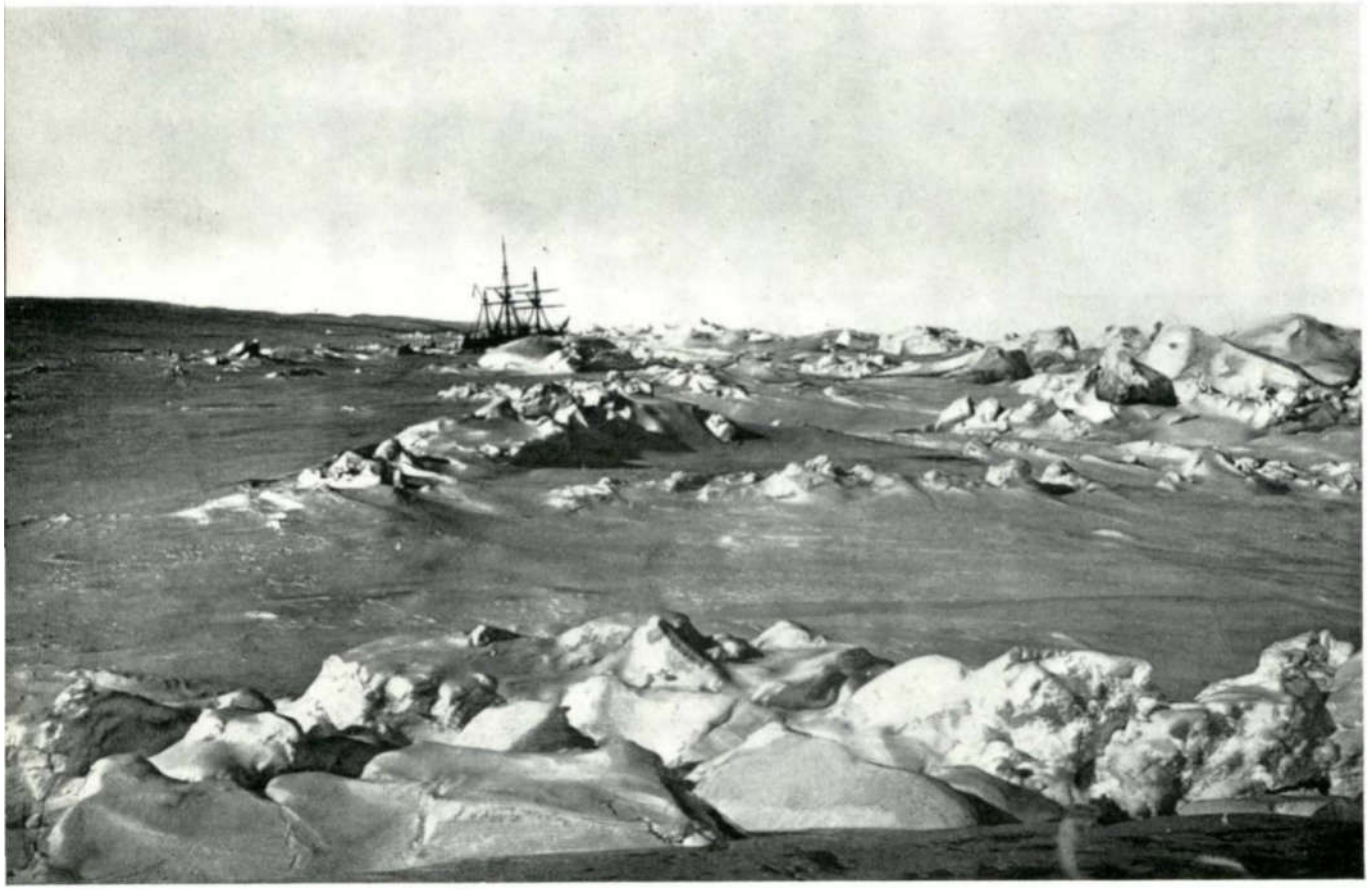
H.M.S. "Discovery" in Discovery Bay

The same scene in summer. *Thomas Mitchell*



Floeberg and pressed-up rubble ice.

The *Alert* at Floeberg Beach, Cape Sheridan, until recently the farthest north reached by any ship. In later years she was bought by the Canadian Government, and in 1885 was operating in Hudson Bay. She was laid up at Quebec in 1894, after being used in lighthouse and buoy service on the Atlantic Seaboard and along the St. Lawrence.
George White



Cumberland House Journals, 1775-9

A review of the fourteenth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society

by J. B. Tyrrell

THE records here published were written by employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, the great English Company, which has been controlled and directed from the time it was organized and received its charter in 1670, down to the present, by some of the ablest men of England. They were men of excellent business ability, who could be depended upon to direct the management of the Company wisely and honestly. Fortunately some of the writers of the Journals, especially Matthew Cocking, were excellent reporters, though the spelling of their words may not have always conformed to those now in use. They wrote their diaries with pen and ink on good paper, and as these were written to be sent to and for the information of the Directors of the Company in England, great care was taken that the information contained in them was correct. These included statements of the policy of the Company, its business with the natives, the remuneration of the employees, the business done by them, the size and character of their houses, their food and how they obtained it and the many chores they had to do to make life in the wilderness possible.

In addition to the record here contained, of the more or less methodical life, directed from Headquarters in England, and led by the Company's employees in Rupert's Land, a record was kept of the activities of other and more numerous traders on the Saskatchewan, who came in canoes on the long waterways from Montreal. Many of them owned their own stock of trading goods carried in their canoes, while others might be agents of merchants living in Montreal, but none of them reported systematically to anyone, or recognized any superior authority, so that though they might be energetic and fearless, they were lawless and determined to make successes of their ventures in trade at any cost. While employees of the Hudson's Bay Company whose lives are here described, were working under strict instructions, among which was the order, not only to live at peace with their neighbours of whatever nationality, but also to endeavour to get their neighbours to live at peace with one another. In business they had to compete with the Canadian traders, who obeyed no rules in trading with the natives of the forests and plains. Here we have accounts and many details of encounters with these traders, who were often crafty mixtures of human friendship and business antagonism. Both assisted each other without hesitation in cases of necessity or distress, but where and when opportunities presented themselves to secure large quantities of furs, the Hudson's Bay men had to learn that the Montreal traders were very ruthless, both with them and with the Indians from whom they obtained their furs, and whom they should have been more careful to keep as friends.

The memory of the rough treatment received by Robert Longmore from Henry and Frobisher on the Churchill River in June 1776, was never forgotten, and though he received many favours from his opponents, he remembered that business antagonism always overshadowed their favours.

In addition to the activities of the Hudson's Bay men and the traders from Montreal, we have here a record, with time and dates, of hundreds of meetings of the Hudson's Bay men with Indians, chiefly Crees and Stoneys from the Saskatchewan, primarily to obtain furs to sell to the English and European markets, and in order to induce the Indians to trap as many furs as possible, they supplied them in exchange, alcohol and tobacco, which they liked, and many other articles which they wanted, and encouraged them to live peacefully together, to hunt and not to waste their time quarreling among themselves. At the same time, as they needed food to enable them to live while they were trading, they persuaded the Indians to hunt and kill game and bring it to them, for which they were paid, but as a first precaution, the Hudson's Bay men nearly always built their houses beside lakes, from which abundant supplies of fish could be obtained.

In 1775, the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company in London appointed Matthew Cocking, a writer, who had been in their employ for ten years, to take charge of Cumberland House, their new trading post, built the previous year on the Saskatchewan River, and on August 23rd of that year, he left York, accompanied by four Indians, descended Hayes River to Hudson's Bay and then turned up Nelson River and Grass River, the latter of which wanders through wooded country in which game is fairly abundant, to Cranberry Portage, which they reached on October 2nd. From there he paddled through Goose and Pine Island Lakes, on the south shore of the latter of which Samuel Hearne had built a trading post for the Company, as fish were abundant in it to furnish provisions for the men. The following day Cocking took over charge of this new trading post.

On the evening of October 14th, ten days after his arrival, three Canadian traders—Alex. Henry, and Joseph and Thomas Frobisher, arrived up the Saskatchewan River with ten canoes of supplies and forty men, camped on the shore below him and immediately paid him a visit. Henry

had not been there before, but the previous year the Frobishers had met the Churchill Indians at Trade Portage, on the Churchill River, and had easily obtained all the furs they could carry away in their canoes. They were now on their way to spend the winter at Beaver Lake, enroute to the Churchill River. On the following day Cocking asked them to dinner with him, and apparently they came and talked freely about their troubles. The next day they left for Beaver Lake, hoping to be able to obtain enough food from the fish in the lake and the game in the forest, to supply their party. Then in the spring they expected to meet the Indians coming down Churchill River, and obtain another load of the finest furs to be had anywhere in Canada. On the shore of Beaver Lake they immediately built five log cabins, in which they spent most of the winter.

On October 18th, a few Indians, who had come to Cumberland with some dried provisions to trade, went away, and Cocking sent one of his white men, William Walker, to live with them near Cranberry Portage, to learn their language, and if possible to obtain some furs, which was the object that had always to be kept in mind.

On January 20th, 1776, Alex. Henry with one of the Frobishers and four other men, arrived from Beaver Lake, and after a very friendly visit, lasting two days, Henry continued with two men and sleds, up the Saskatchewan River to the settlement near the forks, while Frobisher and his men returned to Beaver Lake. (Cocking writes two pages of what he learned from Henry and Frobisher.)

May 15th, fourteen canoes of Indians came down the Saskatchewan River to trade and on June 1st, seventeen canoes of Indians were sent to York Factory, via Lake Winnipeg, taking with them the furs obtained during the winter. After they left, Cocking sent Robert Longmore, with a canoe of Indians, to meet the Churchill Indians, directing him to go above the Canadians and meet the Indians as they came down with their winter catch of furs.

The Canadian traders moved from Beaver Lake to the bank of the Churchill River, where they built a substantial cabin for the accommodation of themselves and their trading goods. From there they ascended the Churchill River in canoes, for several hundred miles, till they met the Chipewyan Indians from Lake Athabasca, descending the river in their canoes. Immediately they all pulled to the shore and camped together, to become acquainted, which they could easily do as some of both parties could speak the Cree Indian language. By this time, Longmore of the Hudson's Bay, who was on his way from Cumberland House to try to persuade these Indians to sell him their furs, had called at the Canadian traders' house and had been kindly entertained there, and had then followed them up the river till they met the large band of Athabasca Indians, in about a hundred canoes, and undoubtedly with many furs. After spending a night in camp, they all paddled back down the Churchill River and in a few days they reached the traders' house, probably on the river bank at Trade Portage, which would not be far from the new line of railway from Cranberry Portage to the new nickel mines at Lynn Lake. Here they all stopped for two or three days, to trade, and Longmore doubtless expected that he would be allowed to get some of the furs, but the Canadian traders took them all and he was roughly told to go away. In the evening and during the night he saw the Canadian traders' men carrying all the furs they could find into their house, while the Indians were drunk, lifting up the eaves of the Indians' tents and taking the bundles out. As the Canadian traders were forty or more, against himself and his Indians, he went back to Cumberland House practically empty handed. Naturally he was very resentful of such treatment, which he did not forget, nor let the Hudson's Bay Company forget it, as long as he stayed in the country.

When the trading was done, Henry and Joseph Frobisher started for Grand Portage in their canoes, loaded with *twelve thousand* beaver skins, besides large numbers of otter and marten. There is a fairly detailed account of this expedition in *Travels and Adventures in Canada*, by Alexander Henry, New York 1809, pp. 320-330, but he does not mention the presence of Robert Longmore or any agent or employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. This trading excursion may be taken as a fair example of many of the instances when the Montreal traders and the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company competed for the furs caught by the Indians.

Nevertheless when in June 1778 some Canadians called at Cumberland House to get a little food, as they were starving, food was freely given to them. Then they told the Master that one of his men had obtained more furs from the Churchill Indians than he could carry, so some more canoemen were sent to help bring in the welcome overload.

Another visitor to the Hudson's Bay men at Cumberland House on May 26th of that year, was Peter Pond, the American trader and explorer, who was on his first great trip to Churchill River, then across the Methy Portage, and down the Athabasca River to Lake Athabasca, where he wintered, and afterwards continued down stream, northward to Great Slave Lake.

This book, with careful and evidently honest details of life day by day in the wilderness, is a unique and wonderful record of the beginning of a peaceful contact of white men and savages in Canada, and the continuance of that peaceful life for several years. The introduction by Professor Glover gives a very full and realistic statement of the information systematically recorded in the volume, from October 4th, 1775, to June 8th, 1779.

Since the date of the close of the record in this book, the Hudson's Bay Company has continued its friendly business relations with the same Indians, and largely through its influence, these Indians have become a peaceful, energetic and useful, though minor section, of the Canadian community. My own associations with the descendants of the same Indians, has always been friendly, and their assistance contributed much to the success of my explorations of Northern Canada.

Fall Packet

Dead Horse Again

Frank C. Bowen, celebrated English maritime writer, and author of the four-volume *The Sea, its History and Romance*, saw the note on the "dead horse" ritual in the last *Beaver* and has some interesting remarks to make on it. The effigy described by young McDougall, he says, was an unusually elaborate one. Generally it was no more than a big sack filled with straw and shavings, and provided with sticks for legs, while the ceremony was called "burning the dead horse." Before being hoisted up to the yard arm it was set alight, but some captains naturally objected to this on account of the risk of burning sails and rigging. However, the flames soon reached the rope from which the animal hung, and the noble steed plunged on fire into the sea. More dangerous that way, but more dramatic.

Arctic Prefabs

The fact that the current British expedition to Greenland is taking along prefabricated houses is a reminder that, back in 1578, Martin Frobisher took one along on his third expedition to Baffin Island. In that year George Best wrote an account of the three expeditions, from which the following quotations are made—in modern spelling:

"There was a strong fort or house of timber, artificially framed, and cunningly devised by a notable learned man here at home, in ships to be carried thither, whereby those men that were appointed there to winter and make their abode the whole year, might as well be defended from the danger of the falling snow and cold air, as also be fortified from the force or offence of those country people, which perhaps otherwise with too great companies and multitudes might oppress them." (They had already been attacked by the Eskimos on both previous expeditions.)

But once arrived in Frobisher Bay (which they thought to be a strait leading to Cathay) a great storm struck the fleet of fifteen ships, and the barque *Dennys* "seeking way in amongst the ice, received such a blow with a rock of ice, that she sunk down therewith, in the sight of the whole fleet . . . Within this ship that was drowned, there was parcel of our house, which was to be erected for them that should stay all the winter in Meta Incognita."

Nevertheless, "the ninth of August, the General [Frobisher] with the captains of his council assembled together, began to consider and take order for the erecting up of the house or fort . . . First they perused the bills of lading, what everyman received into his ship, and found that there was arrived only the east side and south side of the house, and yet not that perfect and entire, for many pieces thereof were used for fenders in many ships, and so broken in pieces, whilst they were distressed in the ice."

So the carpenters and masons were called and asked how long it would take them to erect a house for sixty men, "if there were timber sufficient." They replied, eight or nine weeks, whereas they were due to sail in twenty-six days. "Wherefore it was fully agréed uppon, & resolued by the General and his counsell, that no habitation shoulde be there this yeare."

The Abbey and the "Bay"

The rise in value of Hudson's Bay Company shares has affected the fortunes of individuals and institutions. But has it brought a National Theatre to life anywhere? Almost fifty years ago, in Dublin, the Abbey Theatre was opened as a direct result of a rise in Hudson's Bay shares. William Fay, one of the founders of the theatre, tells the story in his autobiography:

> Once more we had invaluable help from Miss Horniman, who . . . just as she was leaving Dublin, said to me "I have had some spare money by me lately, and I have been advised to put it into Hudson Bay shares. If by some chance they do anything very exciting, I shall have enough money to buy the society a little theatre in Dublin. . . ." Now if there was one part of the daily

paper that I never dreamed of looking at it was the markets page. Bulls and bears, contangoes, gilt-edged and short-term money meant nothing at all to me. But after what Miss Horniman had said I watched the daily quotations of Hudson's Bay shares with all the feverish excitement of a punter. The Hudson's Bay shares rose. The Hudson's Bay shares kept on rising slowly but surely, while I kept saying a handful of prayers that they might rise for ever—that is, until I should hear from Miss Horniman that the deal was so good that it was safe to look out for a place.

Fay began to look out for a suitable building and found one. It had been a small, cheap vaudeville hall but was closed by the fire department as unsafe. He put up a proposition to Miss Horniman who told him that the Hudson's Bay shares had risen well above what she required and that the money would be available.

The Abbey, built on £1,300 of Hudson's Bay profits, is still running. It became the forerunner of the Little Theatre movement, the first state subsidised theatre in any English-speaking country and is now the acknowledged national theatre of Ireland. It was badly damaged by fire last year and the estimates for rebuilding it have varied between £50,000 and £500,000.

Contributors

W. Bleasdell Cameron wrote for us the first story in this issue shortly before his recent death . . . *Gilean Douglas* is a writer who lives on the coast as Whaletown, B.C. . . . *Lyn Harrington*, wife of Richard, is a writer on Canadian subjects and the author of "Manitoba Roundabout." . . . *Audrey Hawthorn* is honorary curator of the anthropological museum at the University of British Columbia . . . *R. N. Hourde* was a young Canadian photographer who made a trip for the *Beaver* down the Mackenzie River in 1936 . . . *Francis Lee Jaques* is a celebrated American nature artist whose fine scratchboard drawings have graced our pages on more than one occasion . . . *Douglas Leechman* is an anthropologist at the National Museum in Ottawa . . . *Angus MacIver* is a trapper of wide experience whose address is Churchill, Manitoba . . . *James McDougall* served the Company for 42 years in the Yukon, Mackenzie River, Peace River, Athabasca, and Lake Huron districts. He was made a junior chief trader in 1872, a chief trader the following year, a factor in 1879, and a chief factor in 1887. . . . *Eric Nicol*, one of Canada's foremost humourists, lives in Vancouver, where he writes a column for the "Vancouver Province" and the "Winnipeg Tribune." . . . *Capt. C. T. Pedersen* is well remembered in the Western Arctic as head of the Canalaska Trading Co. He now lives in California . . . *Calvin Rutstrum* is director of the Wilderness Program of Lake Hubert Minnesota Camps. . . . *Lloyd Scott* is an Ontario artist, who lives not far west of Toronto . . . The late *Lorene Squire* of Harper, Kansas, is famous mostly for her wildfowl photographs. In 1938 the *Beaver* sent her north on the *Nascopie*, and the pictures that we publish in this issue are some of the many beautiful studies she made on that voyage . . . *J. B. Tyrrell*, now 93 years of age, has long been one of Canada's most distinguished mining men and one of her hardiest explorers. As editor of four Champlain Society volumes, among them the "Journals of Hearne and Turnor" it is particularly fitting that he review the present volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

Book Reviews

AT HOME IN THE WOODS, by Vena and Bradford Angier. Sheridan House, New York, 1951. 255 pages.

WHEN I visited Hudson Hope, a tiny lovely village in Northern British Columbia, where the Peace River foams in tumult out of the Rocky Mountains, I thought, "What a place for a book! Nothing less would do it justice."

Justice has been done. It is fascinating to discover *At Home in the Woods*, to recall scenes and renew acquaintances. Vena and Bradford Angier of Boston decided to "get away from it all" and re-live the life of Henry Thoreau. To a Canadian, it seems amazing that they had to cross the continent and head north to an unknown dot in the mountains to find their idyllic life of retirement from the world. However, Hudson Hope is worth travelling far to see . . . I myself have an eye on a log cabin there.

The authors reached Hudson Hope in February—in 1946, I would judge—and took possession of some abandoned log shacks while they built their own house. I remember that cabin, nestling on the slope with the rapids of the Peace River roaring just below, and the purple mountains rising on all sides. It seemed to me then an ideal location, only a few miles from the village, yet with the remoteness of primitive wilderness.

As far as the Angiers themselves are concerned, I have no way of telling how accurate they may be. But their descriptions of the country and its people are realistic. They capture Dudley Shaw's odd speech with precision. They are equally exact on other matters. Their surprise at the interior of a Hudson's Bay Company store accurately described mine of earlier days.

Brad and Vena Angier left behind them careers as journalist and dancing-teacher. Nowadays, they live off the country—eating its "weeds," rendering down bear fat, trying out new recipes for beaver tail soup, dropping a hook into a likely stream. But even Thoreau admitted the necessity for a little hard cash, which he obtained as a day labourer.

The Angiers prefer the typewriter. They poured out reams of fiction at first, which failed to sell because it was not "hoked up" with the traditional trappings of northern yarns. But enough non-fiction and children's stories are accepted by American editors to permit them to live their desired life.

At times references to Thoreau and quotations from his journal seem to be dragged in by the heels, so to speak. And occasionally the story becomes gushy in the manner of Osa Johnson's sentimentalities. But on the whole, this is a delightful tale. It encourages the rest of us in the belief that we too, when we put our minds to it, can establish our own "Home in the Woods."—*Lyn Harrington.*

WILD GEESE AND ESKIMOS, by Peter Scott. Country Life; London. British Book Service, Toronto; Scribners, New York, 1952.

THOUGH Peter Scott is known as artist, writer, and conservationist, he first won fame through his splendid paintings of wild fowl. It is natural then that we turn first to the illustrations in his recent book, *Wild Geese and Eskimos*, and those of us who have revelled in the reproductions—many in colour—of the beautiful paintings in earlier books, *Morning Flight* and *Wild Chorus*, cannot but be disappointed that only one color plate appears. However, besides many fine photographs by Paul Queneau, Scott gives us numerous pen sketches, and, even more interesting, excellent portrait drawings, both of the heads of geese and of Eskimo companions.

The text is the very interesting account of researches in a previously little known region, that of the Perry River, which empties into the Queen Maud Gulf about half way between the delta of the Mackenzie River and the Melville Peninsula. Angus Gavin, then manager of the Perry River post of the Hudson's Bay Company, discovered in June of 1938 the first nests and eggs of the little Ross's goose, a relatively rare species, which winters in California. Several other species and subspecies of geese were also reported from the area. No complete study, however, had been made of the region, which is, in a way, the goose capitol of North America, until the present expedition went in.

The party consisted of Paul Queneau, whose work was the mapping of the lower portion of the Perry River and who obtained much information on the geology and physiography of the region; Harold C. Hansen of the Illinois Natural History Survey, the ornithologist of the party; and the author, Peter Scott whose work forms the basis of the book. The men were flown in from Yellowknife and arrived, after much delay caused by bad weather, at the Perry River on June 7, 1949. They were flown out by Jim Bell of Nickel Belt Airways and returned to Sudbury in early August.

The narrative is in diary form and seems not to have been revised or edited to any considerable extent. It is an account of the experiences of the party, in which day and night meant little, but wind and rain and snow meant a great deal. Many of the birds had preceded them to the Perry River, where snow was still deep. Peter Scott as a naturalist makes many valuable and original observations, though the reader is left to evaluate the findings; no doubt a summarizing report on the accomplishments of the expedition will be made later.

As an artist Scott gives us, in words, the colour which is found in his paintings—sometimes he gives it in the most minute detail. "I made watercolours of a Sabine gull and of all six tule geese," he says. "None of the six, or indeed any that I have seen close enough, have yellow eyelids, although two of the young ones have a *part* of the eyelid pale buff-yellow. It is not in the least like a lesser white-front's yellow."

"For the sunset across the sea-ice there was only one thing to do—and that was to enjoy the sight of it to the full. It was too dark for photography and a painting of it would not be very effective because the reflection of the sunset on the sea-ice would not have explained itself . . . The sunset sky was flaming red below a belt of grey cloud. The sea-ice was luminous soft blue, and at the edge where there were countless pools . . . there was a minute dotting of orange across the blue of the ice—a miracle of delicacy!"

To add to the value of the journal there are maps, including one of the immediate area studied, an unusual and very desirable feature in a book of this kind.—*Francis Lee Jaques.*

WAY OF THE WILDERNESS by Calvin Rutstrum. Burgess Publishing Co. Minneapolis, 1952. 193 pages.

THIS handbook for the wilderness traveller was first published in 1946, and reviewed in the *Beaver* for June 1947. The chief difference between the first and second editions is that two chapters have been added: "Fishing—for Food" and "Hunting—for Food." Mr. Rutstrum is an old hand at outdoor living, but he goes into the bush to

travel and to enjoy his surroundings, rather than to fish and hunt for the sport of it. Those who do the latter may be shocked to read in the first of his new chapters: "In a wilderness where a thousand and one aspects of nature await the intelligent mind, it seems unfortunate that all this should be sacrificed to the full-time common practice of accumulating fish pounds not needed, or the inane practice of hooking fish and returning them to the water . . . Those who fish from morning to night through a vacation have certainly missed the bus in outdoor interest." And they may be even more shocked when they read what he says about the head-hunter—"perhaps the most infamous and dastardly approach to the out-of-doors in the entire category of sport."

Of the new edition the author says: "You will find a little more meat has been added, and the removal of a few bugs which inadvertently found their way into the stew." However, he has unfortunately not corrected the errors in the paragraph on the Magnetic Pole to which attention was drawn in the previous *Beaver* review. It was James, not John Ross who fixed the position of the Magnetic Pole in 1831; and it was not "an American Wing Commander [there is no such thing] D. C. McKinley" who in 1945 fixed the location of the pole on Prince of Wales Island. A Canadian Wing Commander, K. C. Maclure, in the R.A.F. Lancaster aircraft *Aries*, made observations in that year which indicated that the pole was south of Barrow Strait, but did not fix it on Prince of Wales Island (see the June 1949 *Beaver*). W/C McKinley of the R.A.F. commanded the *Aries*.

As with the first edition, the book has been provided with waterproof covers, and a canvas pocket to protect it from wilderness weather. If you're a wanderer in the wilds, you'll want it.—*C.P.W.*

PACIFIC AND NORTHWEST HUNTING, by Alfred J. Goerg, 1952.

THE publisher's short biographical note on the cover of this book gives us the cue to understanding the author's outlook. He is a sporting goods dealer, and without a visit to his business premises, I would guess that he is a successful one. The short, prosaic, episodic chats that go on over gun counters, are the substance of this small volume.

No doubt many hunters will find in these "chats about shots" the amusement that unscientific ballistics offer, and I have no doubt that Goerg's book will add to his sales of firearms, since documentary material contains a magic which the over-the-counter spoken word lacks.

However, it is difficult to accept, without repugnance, the indiscriminate killing of wild animals, unless there is a great deal more to the episodes than the routine of slaughter. Goerg's book smacks too much of the pronoun "I" with the intimation that such killing carries with it achievement that deserves recognition.

Having shot most wild animals in the Canadian wilderness during thousands of miles of travel by canoe, packhorse and dogteam, I found that achievement had to come from something more than the incidental killing of these wilderness creatures.

Pacific and Northwest Hunting is not a significant book in the annals of the North, offering no apparent contribution in method, ballistics, scientific data or adeptness in the handling of the subject matter. Its chief interest will be with the tyro who has a passion for firearms, but as the writer of this book has no doubt learned, this group is not few in number, and the copies that will be sold might not be inconsiderable.—*Calvin Rutstrum.*

SOOGWILIS: A Collection of Indian Design and Legends by R. Geddes Large. Drawings by Charlie George. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1951.

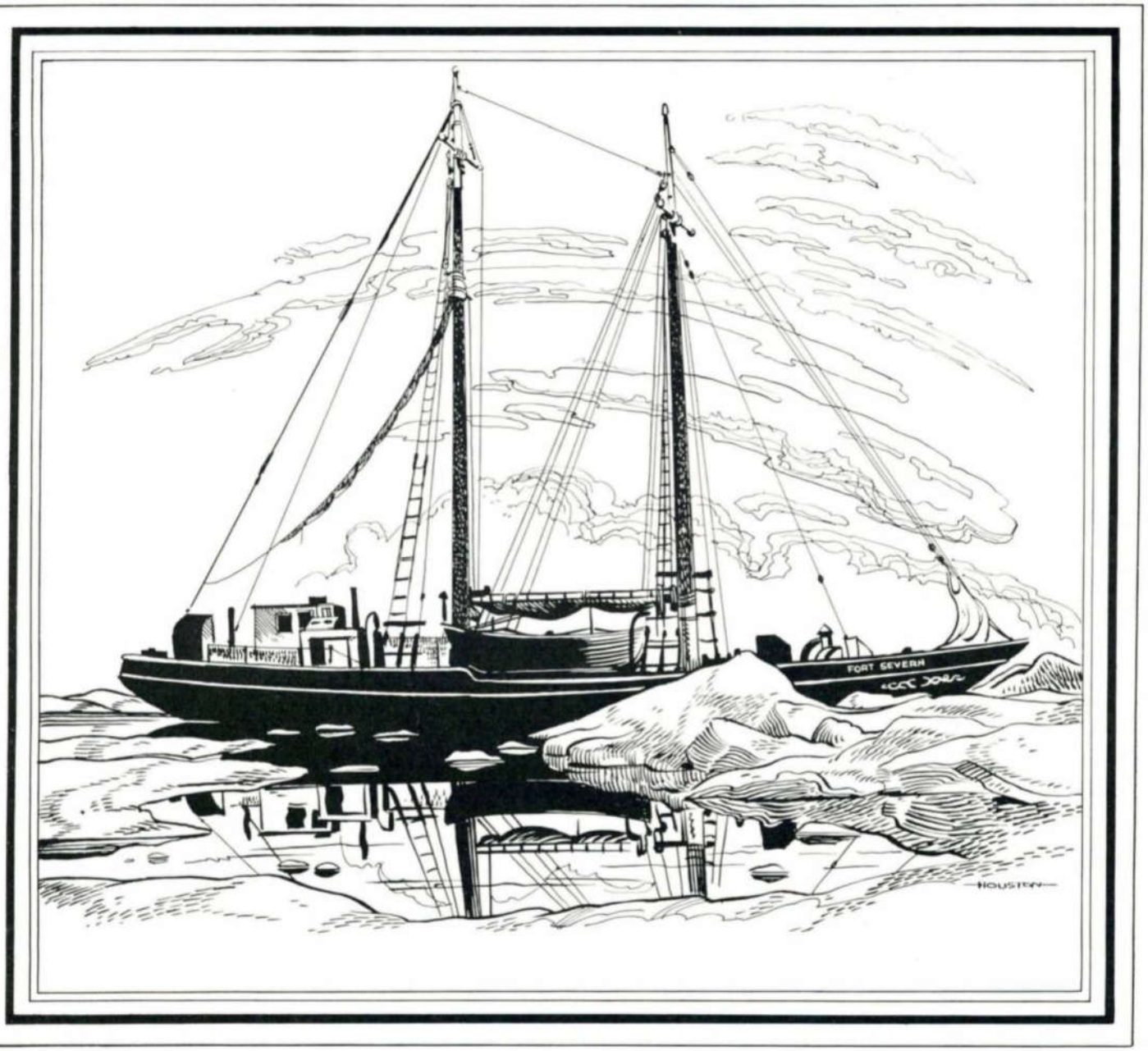
DURING a sojourn in the hospital, a young Kwakiutl boy from Fort Rupert, B. C., was encouraged by his doctor to draw a series of sketches depicting some of the familiar characters of tribal myth. These pictures were then saved by Dr. R. W. Large, a medical missionary with an extensive interest in Indian life. His son, R. G. Large, collected the myths related to the pictures.

It is very unfortunate that the pictures are crude and uneven. The outstanding characteristics of Kwakiutl painting are exact and brilliant control over lines which are precise and definitive, and a special relationship of line to space. These pictures are drawn by a boy who had not at that time mastered the techniques.

Not all of the native tribes of Canada cultivated the graphic arts; some of them, as on the North West Coast, developed an outstanding richness and variety of artistic expression in drawing and painting as well as carving. There are still artists, the best of them now aged, who are masters of their traditional art forms. They should be supported and encouraged, and younger ones trained. To achieve these goals, people will have to be informed of the really high standards and techniques which exist. —*Audrey Hawthorn.*

Since the publication of Mr. Porsild's review of People of the Deer *in the June* Beaver, *we have heard from Mr. Farley Mowat, author of the book, and in turn from Mr. Porsild. Both Mr. Mowat's defence of his book and Mr. Porsild's reply to it are long, four and one half and four typewritten pages respectively, and deal in detail with charge and answer.*

A careful study of the documents indicates that Mr. Mowat's letter did not cause Mr. Porsild to revise his conclusions, and the natural limitations of space in a quarterly magazine force us regretfully to limit further correspondence to this note.



M. S. "Fort Severn," Hudson's Bay Company coastal vessel on the west side of Hudson Bay. *James Houston*

GREEN

MULTI-STRIPE

SCARLET

RESEDA

ROSE

SKY BLUE

GOLD

WILD CRANBERRY

CAMEL

WHITE WITH ROSE BAR

3½ POINT
Single Bed Size
10 lbs. pair
63"x 81"

•

4 POINT
Double Bed Size
12 lbs. pair
72"x 90"

WHITE WITH BLUE BAR

For a lifetime of comfort and beauty . . .

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKETS